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HALF-HOURS IN OLD LONDON

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

SWIFT NICKS

THE MISTRESS OF CHASTLETON

HALF-HOURS IN OLD LONDON *by* HARRY PRINCE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS *from* PENCIL DRAWINGS *by*
F. W. KNIGHT S S S S

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PREFACE

WONDERFUL London ! How vast, how overpowering, and how lovable ! But, alas, how ruthless ! Even as I pen these lines houses, nay, whole streets, are vanishing beneath the housebreaker's pick, ancient landmarks are obliterated, and strange monsters of stone and steel are rising with greedy, soul-devouring haste to take their place. Not only that, but north, south, east, and west those mighty limbs are stretching forth to make fresh conquests of outlying towns and hamlets, which are engulfed only to whet the colossal city's insatiable greed for more.

Beautiful London ! Yes, beautiful, in spite of the astounding habit she has of hiding her countless treasures behind a camouflage of mediocrity and mean streets. Yet in that very idiosyncrasy lies an indescribable charm and fascination, even for the Londoner born and bred who knows, or thinks he knows, all about everything of interest and value in his native city, including the historic places and buildings.

But does he ? In the words of the immortal Carpenter, " I doubt it," and though there is no occasion to " shed bitter tears " on his behalf, yet it is none the less surprising to contemplate the abysmal ignorance displayed on this subject by the average Cockney. Is this due to apathy or laziness ? Possibly to a large slice of both, but more often the secret lies in the very human failing that " familiarity breeds contempt."

How often has one been told that the average American who visits these shores knows more of London and her historic buildings than do the majority of her citizens. Who can dispute it? I myself have more than once cajoled Londoners of many years' standing into accompanying me for the purpose of showing them, for the first time in their lives, such gems of art as St. Bartholomew the Great or the Eleanor effigy in Westminster Abbey, which had most likely been within half a mile of their homes for as long as goodness knows when! And yet the same people will year after year pack their trunks, fly off (sometimes literally!) to France, Italy, or some other outlandish country, and, having arrived there, commence wearing out their tempers and much good shoe-leather in search of architecture, sculpture, and paintings, beautiful no doubt, but in many cases no finer, and often far inferior, to those other artistic treasures that lie so near their front doors in their native city, of which they know nothing.

All this may seem very unjust to the Londoner, and perhaps in a sense it is. One must never lose sight of the fact that the principal reason why he makes the metropolis his home is for the simple fact that it is where he earns his livelihood. There he becomes, as it were, a cog in a great machine, and a very large proportion of his time is spent at the office, warehouse, or wherever he is employed. What is left over—well, they say every Englishman is at heart an antiquary, but there are such things as wives, babies, athletics, and a host of other alluring diversions to fill in his time agreeably at home. Until the holidays come round

again. Then—which shall it be? Rome, Venice, Rouen, Paris, Margate, Southend—according to purse and fancy. But London remains a *terra incognita* to Messrs. Smith, Jones, and Robinson, or at least to the vast majority of them.

Then why write another book on a subject for which most of us have neither time nor inclination? Well, to begin with, it is written in the hope that, by drawing attention to a few (a very few) of the historic buildings and monuments of London and Westminster in a series of short and easily understood articles, the reader's interest will be aroused in the priceless relics of former days that even now linger hidden amidst the kaleidoscopic upheavals of modern London. And having roused his interest, it will be strange indeed if he cannot find time now and then to explore London for himself, and visit a few of the places I have, alas, so inadequately described in these pages.

THE HOME OF THE EIGHT-POINTED CROSS

WHEN Raymond du Puy, Grand Master of the Hospitaller Order of St. John of Jerusalem, ordained in the year 1120 that the members of the order should adopt as their badge a white eight-pointed cross, he little thought that eight hundred years later this same badge would be known and revered throughout the world in connection with the St. John's Ambulance, which has done such wonderful work in the way of mitigating suffering, not only in modern warfare, but in times of peace.

The St. John's Ambulance Association was formed in 1877 by this ancient military order, and has ever since then increased its influence and utility, inspired as it is by a spirit of chivalry and devotion unsurpassed in history.

But the original conception of the eight-pointed cross was also noble. It was to be worn to remind members of the order to bear in their hearts the cross of Our Saviour adorned with the eight virtues that attend it. The eight virtues, or Beatitudes, as they were called eventually, are believed to be those mentioned in St. Matthew. It is well known, of course, that the four arms of the emblem of the cross have always been connected with the four cardinal virtues—prudence, temperance, justice, and fortitude.

The English home of this ancient military order is in London, hidden away in that wonderfully interesting and historical district known as Clerkenwell. The reason why this neighbourhood was chosen was that in the reign of Henry I a certain Jordan de Briset of Eltham gave ten acres of land situated in Clerkenwell to the order, and here the English Hospitallers built for themselves a splendid dwelling, the Mother House of the Knights of St. John in England. Other establishments were dotted about the country, of which remains are still to be found at Little Maplestead (Essex), Chibburn (Northumberland), and elsewhere.

But the English branch or "Langue" was but a small though important unit of a huge organisation whose banner was unfurled throughout the then known world.

Let us see how the order came into being.

Some time in the middle of the eleventh century certain pious merchants of Amalfi purchased some land near the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jersusalem, and built thereon a hospice for sick and destitute Christian pilgrims, which they dedicated to St. John the Cypriote, Patriarch of Alexandria. Not long after, this dedication was revoked, and they took as their patron St. John the Baptist.

At the time of the first crusade, which mighty onslaught of Christian knighthood against the infidels occurred in 1087, the hospital of St. John was flourishing under the rule of a certain Brother Gerard, and the men working under him were known as "The Poor Brethren of the Hospital of St. John." When the clash between the contending armies came in the narrow streets of the Holy City, the hospital was soon filled to overflowing

with maimed and wounded Crusaders, a large number of whom on recovery changed their mail for the more charitable robes of the brotherhood.

The Brother Gerard mentioned above was the virtual founder of the order, and became its first Master.

Overwhelming success attended the first crusade, the Saracens were driven out of Jerusalem with heavy slaughter, and from that moment the hospital grew in wealth and importance. Money poured in from great personages, and before he died Brother Gerard had the satisfaction of knowing that the institution of which he was the head was rapidly becoming a great power and one of the strongest bulwarks of Christianity.

In these early days the order was primarily a healing brotherhood as distinct from that other great order, the Knights Templars, which was essentially military. But with the advent of Raymond du Puy as Grand Master and the Saracens again threatening the Holy City, radical changes were instituted in the duties of the members of the more peaceful organisation. The Grand Master, sickening of inactivity and himself no mean soldier, converted the brotherhood (already through the sanction of Pope Pascal II established as the Order of Knights Hospitallers) into a formidable military force whose swords were from this time on lustily employed in hacking off infidel heads.

It was under Raymond du Puy that the order first adopted as its arms the white cross on a flaming red ground, which became at one and the same time an emblem of protection to the weak and of abject fear to evil-doers and infidels wherever it went. In times of peace the militant robe of red was replaced by one of

sombre black, bearing, of course, the white cross as before. Then also, as before mentioned, was instituted the custom of wearing the white eight-pointed badge which the Knights wore on the left breast.

The power of the Knights of St. John waxed exceedingly until 1187, when the forces of Christendom staggered beneath a crushing blow from which they never afterwards entirely recovered. For in that year the great Saladin swooped down with his legions on the Sacred City and, overwhelming the defence, drove out the Christian army with heavy losses. It is said, however, that he showed respect to the Hospitallers, allowing some of the order who were dangerously wounded to remain in Jerusalem until they had recovered from their hurts.

Meantime the Christian forces had marched to Ptolemais, a seaport town of great strength commanding the coast of Syria, which they took after a protracted siege and retained for many years as a stronghold. It was due to the magnificent efforts made in its rebuilding and defence by the Knights Hospitallers that the town received a new name, being from that time forth known as St. Jean d'Acre in compliment to the order, the ancient name of the town having been Akkâ.

But as the years passed the wearers of the red mantle became woefully few in number, their ranks being attenuated by ceaseless fighting, sieges, and desert marches under a pitiless sun, not to mention sickness and disease, which struck down many a dauntless, mail-clad warrior ; and consequently reinforcements were called for post-haste from those far-off lands in Western Europe to which the Knights of St. John knew an appeal would

not be made in vain. And so it proved, for new companies of Knights were sent out to their succour who numbered within their ranks many wearers of the red robe. In this movement England took a prominent part, and the Mother House of the Hospitallers despatched a strongly armed force of picked members of their order from Clerkenwell, where, as previously mentioned, they had built for themselves a magnificent home. Matthew Paris, that tireless monkish chronicler, describes the departure of this reinforcement from St. John's Priory :

In 1237 the Hospitallers sent their Prior, Theodoric, a German by birth, and a most able knight, with a body of other knights and stipendiary attendants, and a large sum of money, to the assistance of the Holy Land. They having made all arrangements, set out from their house in Clerkenwell, and proceeded in good order, with about thirty shields uncovered, with spears raised, and preceded by their banner through the midst of the City, towards the bridge, that they might obtain the blessings of the spectators, and, bowing their heads, with their cowls lowered, commended themselves to the prayers of all.

But though this timely help so willingly sent to the Crusaders served to stave off for some years the coming débâcle, the end was not long postponed, for in 1291 the Saracens finally drove the Christians out of Palestine, the Knights of St. John finding refuge in the island of Cyprus. A few years later the Christians attacked and captured Rhodes, which island stronghold proved a sore affliction to the Saracens, and especially to their shipping in the Mediterranean, against which the Knights organised a powerful fleet of warships.

The Turks had by that time captured Constantinople,

and, chafing under the continuous menace to their prosperity from the island fortress, they attacked Rhodes with an immense force in 1480, but were beaten off after a terrific struggle by the Knights of St. John, under Grand Master Peter d'Aubusson.

Then came a lull in the sanguinary contest between these two inveterate enemies, but 1522 saw the wearers of the red robe again at death-grips with the infidels, when the Crescent, under Suliman the Magnificent, triumphed over the Christian garrison, who were again left without a home. Their venerable Grand Master, L'Isle Adam, was, however, permitted to leave the island with his Knights in their own galleys by a generous foe.

For eight years the order was without a home, but in the meantime their Grand Master journeyed to England to appeal to Henry VIII, who was even then casting covetous eyes on Clerkenwell Priory. But the old Knight seems to have touched Henry by his appeal, and the desperate plight into which the order had fallen through no fault of their own save their obstinate bravery, could not fail to win the admiration of a King who, whatever his faults, was himself without fear. So the upshot was that Henry confirmed the privileges of the order, and presented the Grand Master with a golden basin set with jewels, and, what must have pleased the old warrior a thousand times more and sent his blood coursing through his veins, artillery to the value of twenty thousand crowns.

Not only that, but very shortly afterwards the Emperor Charles V provided the Hospitallers with a new home, this time at Malta. There were built on that rocky

fastness immensely strong fortifications, palatial dwellings, and a gorgeous church, the latter still in existence.

In England, however, tragic happenings were being enacted, and the curtain was rung down in blood and perjured accusations on the Mother House of the English branch of the Knights of St. John. For their rich possessions were too much for Henry's cupidity to withstand, and although no fault could be trumped up against this grand old institution, which throughout the centuries had triumphantly upheld its traditions of piety and courage in the face of stupendous odds, yet even this did not save it. Conveniently forgetting his gracious words to L'Isle Adam and the fact that he had himself confirmed the privileges of the Knights, the King caused the order to be suppressed at the dissolution of the religious houses. But such an unblemished record had the Knights of St. John, and so popular were they, that of all the religious houses in the kingdom theirs was the last to suffer. Some of the Knights fled to Malta; William Weston, the Prior, was bought off with a small pension, but they were not all to escape on such easy terms. Two were beheaded as traitors, and a third suffered the more horrible fate of being hanged and quartered, the while Henry rubbed his fat hands in greedy complacency at the sight of the wealth tumbling into his already overflowing coffers.

Great-hearted men were those old Knights, whose pride was unconquerable to the last! For, says Fuller, they "being gentlemen and soldiers of ancient families and high spirits," would not present the King with puling petitions, but stood bravely on their rights.

Meantime in Malta the Knights of St. John were

gradually converting the barren rock of Malta into a fortress of impregnable strength, whose power of resistance against assault was to be soon tested. For in 1565 the Turks bore down on the island with a great fleet, but were beaten off with the loss of, it is said, 30,000 men, the defenders losing 8,000 soldiers, of whom over 200 were Knights.

Malta was after that left in peace for many years, but the supremacy of the order gradually declined as a maritime power until it was finally crippled by having its great French estates, from which it derived a large part of its wealth, confiscated by the Directory of the French Revolution. It was, however, reserved to Napoleon to give the order its *coup-de-grâce* when he arrived with his fleet at the island in 1798. Treachery induced a capitulation, and Malta became a French possession—for a time. The Knights of St. John returned to their various homes, and the order as a power ceased to exist.

Not long, however, was it to remain dormant, for early in the nineteenth century the order was revived in England, and is at the present time peacefully pursuing its work throughout the world. During its long and brilliant history the Order of St. John was, outside its headquarters, grouped in divisions or what were called "Langues." Besides the English Langue there were originally six others, namely Auvergne, Aragon, France, Germany, Italy and Provence. To these Castile was added later on, to form an eighth Langue.

The remains of the Mother House, the Priory of St. John, Clerkenwell, are at the present day scanty, but none the less beautiful and of surpassing interest. To

picture Clerkenwell, now a densely populated part of London north of Smithfield meat market, as it was in the early Middle Ages one must indeed be gifted with a vivid imagination. An imagination strong enough, in fact, to transform the jostling thoroughfare into daisy-pied meadowland and peaceful hills, through which silvery streams meandered lazily, and in the midst of this sylvan scene—

In lowly dale fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round—

the great priory church and monastic buildings of the Knights Hospitallers, standing proudly on the broad acres given to the order by Jordan de Briset. Fitz-Stephen, the chronicler, gives us a beautiful picture of the countryside at Clerkenwell at the close of the twelfth century in his *Description of the most noble City of London* (surely one of the earliest guide-books extant!). He describes it as having “fields for pasture and a delightful plain of meadowland, interspersed with flowing streams, on which stand mills, whose clack is very pleasing to the ear.” He also speaks of the springs that in those days abounded in this district, but of these more anon.

Of the priory buildings remaining to us of the twentieth century, there are the church, with its beautiful crypt, and the gateway. We will take them in that order.

The church, like its neighbour, St. Bartholomew the Great, has passed through many vicissitudes, and at the present time only the choir and crypt remain. It was consecrated by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, in 1185, and consisted then of a circular nave 65 feet in

diameter, and an aisled choir of four bays, which replaced an older and smaller one of the original foundation. Under the choir was a crypt. On the same day that this sacred duty was performed Heraclius consecrated the church of the other great military order, that of the Templars, which still remains on the south side of Fleet Street, and there he is buried.

The Patriarch seems to have been a man of fiery temper, and fully equal to "talking back" at that equally passionate individual Henry II. And it was he who, on his coming to England to urge Henry to head a new crusade, created a scene ever memorable in the annals of the priory. At the council held by the King and his barons, the latter refused to allow their monarch to command in person the forces destined for the Holy Land, at which Heraclius lost his temper, and presumably his respect for royalty. "Here is my head," he shouted, purple with rage; "here is my head; treat me, if you like, as you did my brother Thomas.¹ It is a matter of indifference to me whether I die by your orders or in Syria by the hands of the infidels; for you are worse than a Saracen."

Fortunately for him, Henry turned a deaf ear to his ravings, and the affair was allowed to blow over. Needless to say, the Crusaders sailed without their King!

To return to the church, it was almost completely destroyed by the peasant rabble under Wat Tyler. Not content with butchering the Prior, the rebels set fire to the church and monastic buildings, "causing it to burn by the space of seven days together, not suffering any to quench it."

¹ Thomas à Becket.

The nave was afterwards rebuilt as a rectangular structure, with a splendid tower at the north-west corner, but was doomed to disappear in its turn in the sixteenth century, coming into the possession of Protector Somerset ; for, says Stow :

In the third year of Edward VI the church for the most part, to wit, the body and side aisles, with the great bell-tower (a most curious piece of workmanship, graven, gilt, and enamelled, to the great beautifying of the city, and passing all other that I have ever seen) was undermined and blown up with gunpowder ; the stone thereof was employed in building of the Lord Protector's house in the Strand.¹

But the choir (much shattered by the gunpowder) and crypt remained, and on Mary's succession the order was revived, a new west front was added to the choir, and the building repaired. It is now known as the parish church of St. John's, Clerkenwell.

The Round Church, as above stated, was never rebuilt, but fragments of its foundations have been unearthed and can now be seen by the curious, while on the paving of the square outside the existing choir a line has been traced indicating the exact shape of the structure.

Looking at the west front of the remaining portion of the priory church, one is struck by its homely Georgian appearance, with its simple brickwork and massive but beautifully carved wooden hood over the central doorway. This is easily accounted for, as the building suffered grievously during the Sacheverell riots early in the eighteenth century, and had in consequence largely to be reconstructed.

Inside, the building is simple and unpretentious,

¹ Old Somerset House.

containing little of outstanding interest save the old pulpit, said to have been used by Wesley, the exposed bases of some of the old pillars, and fragments of late fifteenth-century masonry round the windows and in the south aisle. There is also a fine painting of St. John, believed to be by Murillo, over the altar.

Langhorne the poet was curate here in 1764.

Under our feet is the crypt, virtually untouched since the days of the Crusaders, and one of the most solemn and inspiring buildings of its kind in England. The stone quadripartite vaulting is in a wonderfully perfect state of preservation, and the crypt is long, low, and narrow. The central aisle is of two dates, the western portion being late Norman and contemporaneous with the destroyed Round Church, while the two eastern bays, with the side aisles, were added in 1185. Nearly eight hundred years have passed since the old portion was built by the Knights of St. John, the only fragment remaining of their original splendid church. The crypt is now lighted by electricity, but even this brilliant illuminant does not dissipate the effect of tremendous age.

In the central aisle has been recently placed a beautifully carved monument of a Spanish member of the order, Don Ivan Ruyz, which in some curious fashion found its way to this country, to be unearthed in a curio shop and presented to the church.

The modern members of the order use the crypt as their chapel, and Holy Communion is celebrated annually on St. John the Baptist's day.

It is difficult to imagine that not so many years ago the crypt was literally choked up with coffins piled in

rows, and covered with dust and grime. A terrible state of affairs truly, for some of them were fast falling to pieces, exposing gruesome remains of the dead. Among the coffins was that of the notorious "Scratching Fanny," the Cock Lane Ghost, which excited the interest of many notable people in the eighteenth century, and at the same time roused a storm of ridicule from the wits of the period. It was said that a spirit came to visit a poor girl named Parsons who lived in Cock Lane, the said spirit declaring its presence by knocks or scratching. Among the people who went to visit the girl were Horace Walpole, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and others. The ghost declaring, presumably through the agency of noises, that it would visit the crypt of St. John's Church at night and there knock upon its coffin (or rather *her* coffin, for the spirit was that of a girl poisoned by her lover), certain credulous people—among whom was Dr. Johnson—attended at the appointed place at dead of night to investigate. But the ghost seems to have been otherwise employed, for nothing happened; and the great lexicographēr and his companions were chaffed unmercifully, the climax being the appearance of a sarcastic but humorous poem by Churchill, of which the following stanzas are a part.

Through the dull, deep, surrounding gloom,
In close array, t'wards Fanny's tomb
Adventured forth. Caution before,
With heedful step, a lanthorn bore,
Pointing at graves; and in the rear,
Trembling and talking loud, went Fear.

Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd
And thrice to turn it vainly tried,

Till, taught by Prudence to unite
And straining with collected might,
The stubborn wards resist no more,
But open flies the growling door.
Three paces back they fell, amazed,
Like statues stood, like madmen gazed.

Silent all three went in ; about
All three turned silent, and came out.

How the polite world must have chortled when they first read these lines ! “ Fanny’s tomb ” has vanished long since, and there are now no coffins to be seen in the crypt of St. John’s.

Close to the Hospitallers Church and spanning St. John’s Lane stands the great gate of the priory in which, and in the adjoining buildings, the Order of St. John now has its headquarters. This splendid example of perpendicular architecture was built by Sir Thomas Docwra, the Prior at the commencement of the sixteenth century. It has powerful flanking towers, much restored, like the majority of the fabric, but the archway itself retains its original groined vaulting. The face of the building bears beneath its principal window some interesting shields, on the central one of which are carved the arms of France and England, surmounted by a crown. On another are emblazoned the arms of Sir Thomas Docwra.

The gate is built of brick faced with Reigate free-stone, the walls being three feet thick. Coming upon it suddenly out of the maze of streets that surround it, the days of chivalry and romance seem to have here come to life in this grim old embattled pile, and one sees again a long line of mail-clad, red-robed knights passing slowly



St. John's Gateway, Clerkenwell

under the gloomy arch on their caparisoned war-steeds, shields agleam and harness jingling, and so through the dense masses of bare-headed spectators to make their way to the awaiting ships which are to carry them to the Holy Land.

Inside there is a wonderful old newel staircase whose steps are of solid blocks of oak, six to seven inches thick, and a picturesque old room over the groined arch. It was in this room that, early in his career, Dr. Johnson toiled at hack-work for Cave the printer, who had here in 1731 started *The Gentleman's Magazine*. It was here too that Garrick, then unknown, but who was afterwards fated to be England's greatest actor, made his theatrical début. This was due to the influence of Doctor Johnson, for the latter spoke so enthusiastically to Cave of his friend's histrionic talent that the bookseller's curiosity was aroused, and it was decided to test his powers in an amateur performance given in this very room, Garrick to play a leading part. The play chosen was Fielding's *Mock Doctor*, founded on Molière's *Malade Imaginaire*. Garrick himself wrote the epilogue, and acted the part of Gregory with apparently great success, for the performance caused huge amusement to his audience.

This room is as full of delightful memories and traditions as a page of Shakespeare is of wondrous poetry, for in it Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, and many another great one of the past have spent happy hours.

Still preserved here is a comfortable-looking old chair, said to have been used by the Sage of Fleet Street, but of this confirmation is lacking.

Connected with the gate is the fine chapter hall of the order, on the walls of which hang some interesting

portraits of Priors of St. John of various dates and degrees of merit. And one must not forget that in an adjoining room is a deeply interesting museum, containing relics of all kinds of, or connected with, the famous Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

The rules of admission into the Society of the Order of St. John are now, needless to say, quite different from those enforced in mediæval times. It may prove of interest to put down here very shortly what some of these rules were in the Middle Ages, and how they affected a novitiate.

According to Mr. Pinks :

He who wished for admission came before the chapter on Sunday, and humbly expressed his hope that he might be received. If no objection was made, a brother informed him that numbers of men of consequence had preceded him, but that he would be entirely deceived in supposing that he should live luxuriously ; for that instead of sleeping, he would be required to wake, and fast when desirous to eat, to visit places he would rather have avoided, and, in short, have no will of his own. The exordium concluded with a demand whether he was willing to do these things. Upon answering in the affirmative, an oath was administered, by which he bound himself never to enter any other order, declared himself a bachelor without having promised marriage, that he was free from debt, and a free man, that he would live and die under the superior whom God should place over him, to be chaste and poor, and a participator in all the good works of the Order.

Whoever wished to be received into the brotherhood was required to prove his nobility for four descents, on his mother's as well as his father's side ; to be of legitimate birth (an exception being made only in favour of the natural sons of kings and princes) ; to be not less than twenty years of age, and of blameless life and character.

The following ceremonies were performed at the creation of a knight : 1. A sword was given to the novice in order to show that he must be valiant. 2. A cross hilt, as his valour must

defend religion. 3. He was struck three times over the shoulder with the sword, to teach him patiently to suffer for Christ. 4. He had to wipe the sword, as his life must be undefiled. 5. Gilt spurs were put on, because he was to spurn wealth at his heels. 6. He took a taper in his hand, as it was his duty to enlighten others by his exemplary conduct. 7. He had to go and hear mass.

In the revived order, admission is granted to members of the Protestant Church.

As regards the arms or flag of the Hospitallers, it is an interesting fact that it has in all probability given or suggested the national flags to three countries—Denmark, Italy, and Switzerland. The only difference, indeed, between the Swiss flag and that of the order is that, while the cross on the former is “couped”—that is to say its four arms are of equal length and are not prolonged to the edges—the arms of the cross of the order extend to the edges of the field. In mentioning this, it is as well to add that the modern Red Cross is the arms of Switzerland reversed, and should be always “couped.”

One must not forget that there were also nuns of this order, who at first wore a red robe under a mantle of black, but the former garment was discarded after the fall of Rhodes, and black became their only wear as a sign of mourning.

One cannot leave Clerkenwell without some mention, however brief, of the celebrated springs which abounded in this neighbourhood in mediæval times, and, in fact, some of them remained in use until comparatively recently. They included Clerk’s Well, Skinner’s Well, Fogg’s Well, Loder’s Well, and the Rad Well near the Charterhouse. Of these the first two were perhaps the most famous, and it was the Clerk’s Well that gave the

name to the district, the "en" in Clerkenwell being the Saxon plural ending to certain nouns.

Clerkenwell itself, by the way, is not mentioned in Domesday Book, having been in all probability included with Isendone, or Islington, in that wonderful compilation.

The Clerk's Well is first mentioned in ancient documents by the chronicler Fitz-Stephen in his description of London. He declares that the water of the London springs "is sweet, clear, and salubrious. Among which Holywell, Clerkenwell, and St. Clement's Well are of most note and most frequently visited, as well by the scholars from the schools as by the youth of the City when they go to take air in the summer evenings."

Of the springs at Clerkenwell Stow says, writing in the sixteenth century, that they were "all decayed and so filled up, that their places are now hardly discerned." These springs fed the Fleet River, "the River of Springs," but the Fleet is now debased to the use of a sewer, and flows sluggishly out of sight beneath the feet of London citizens.

In early days the superstitious practice of well worship prevailed, dating back to the Druids. Hence it came about that in the Middle Ages devotions to well and spring were encouraged by the priests, and under their influence was eventually formed an association of parish clerks who were incorporated by license under the name of a guild or fraternity, and wore a livery. These parish clerks, availing themselves of the fact that the springs and wells were used by the people as spots for meeting and were, moreover, still regarded as sacred, took it upon themselves to perform miracle or mystery

plays at these popular places of assemblage. Among the places at which these plays were performed were Clerk's Well and Skinner's Well, but in the case of the latter well the mysteries were enacted by the members of the Skinner's Company. This is alluded to by Stow, who says that "the Skinners of London held there certain plays yearly played of Holy Scripture."

The parish clerks must have been peculiarly suited to perform these sacred plays, the dialogue being spoken in a kind of chanting recitative with which the actors were already familiar. The plays were of two kinds, mysteries or miracles, and moralities. The latter were carried out by allegorical characters, the majority of whom strove to impart salutary moral lessons or "uplift" to the audience, while the Devil provided comic relief or terror, as the situation demanded. The stage was a temporary scaffold erected for the purpose, and is thus described by Strutt in his *Manners and Customs of the English* :

There were three platforms to the stage, one above another ; on the topmost sat the *pater cælestis* surrounded with his angels ; on the second appeared the holy saints and glorified spirits ; and the lowest stage was occupied by ordinary men. On one side of this lowest platform was the resemblance of a dark pitchy cavern, from which flames of fire appeared to come, and when necessary the audience were excited by yellings and noises as of wretched souls in the agony of torture. From the yawning cave the devils themselves constantly ascended and descended.

As to the spectators, they sat on the grassy slope which, forming a natural amphitheatre round the well, thus provided them with a splendid vantage ground from which to view the play. The miracle plays were at

first acted on the festival of Corpus Christi in the month of June, but the number of performances was gradually increased until complete cycles of plays were put together. Of these cycles four still exist, namely those known as the York, Chester, Wakefield, and Coventry plays. They continued to be performed up to the close of the sixteenth century. Some of them are exceedingly beautiful. As regards the site of the Clerk's Well, Stow says it was "not far from the west end of Clerkenwell (parish) Church," and so recently as 1897 Mr. Philip Norman, in his *London Signs and Inscriptions* declares that "The well still exists, covered by a massive brick arch, under the floor of No. 18 Farringdon Road."

The Clerk's Well was in the middle of last century still in use by means of a pump which had been erected over it in 1800 by the parishioners, with an inscription affixed thereto commemorating the play-acting parish clerks of mediæval times, and also stating that "the water was greatly esteemed by the Prior and Brethren of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Benedictine nuns in the neighbourhood."

II

TWO PRECIOUS ROGUES

IF there is one place in London where time has stood still, where a citizen of the twentieth century may, as it were, stand side by side with his Norman ancestors—nay, almost feel their breath fanning his cheeks—that place is surely the ancient treasury of the Kings of England, the dark and eerie Chapel of the Pyx at Westminster Abbey. Dank and sullenly it squats upon its solitary mighty column ; and, peering awfully into the dimly lit interior, one fancies for a moment that this must be the dungeon of a giant's castle, that 'tis here he confines his unhappy prisoners, and is even now waiting in the grim shadows for an opportunity to add another wretched man to his crowd of victims. But no, this is not the Dark Tower of Childe Roland, nor was it ever used as a prison for human beings, but behind its huge, iron-bound doors reposed for many centuries treasures of incalculable value and sacredness, together with such moneys as the king had accumulated or set apart for any special purpose.

Here, we are told, were kept

the most cherished possessions of the State : the Regalia of the Saxon monarchy ; the Black Rood of St. Margaret (the Holy Cross of Holyrood) from Scotland ; the Crocis Gneyth (or cross of St. Neot) from Wales, deposited here by Edward I ; the Sceptre or Rod of Moses ; the Ampulla of Henry IV ; the sword with which King Athelstane cut through the rock at

Dunbar ; the Sword of Wayland Smith, by which Henry II was knighted ; the sword of Tristan, presented to John by the Emperor ; the dagger which wounded Edward I at Acre ; the iron gauntlet worn by John of France when taken prisoner at Poitiers. (*Dean Stanley.*)

But if no Jack the Giant-Killer has ever blown his trumpet outside those ponderous doors to cause them to fly open at his command and yield up what they so jealously guarded, yet in the year of grace 1303 a man succeeded in doing this to all appearances impossible task, but by vastly different methods, spurred on not, we are afraid, from any romantic motive, but for the sake of the treasure that lay hidden within.

Before, however, this remarkable episode is described, it is necessary to say a little more concerning this wonderful old chapel that stands near the chapter house and is entered through huge double doors from the east cloister walk of Westminster Abbey. These doors are, however, only opened to the public on certain days in the week by the courtesy of the Office of Works, and this only in recent years. Before that, the doors, which possess the astounding number of seven keys to unlock them, could only be opened by a special order from the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, for though the custom of using the chapel as a treasury was given up many centuries ago and the Regalia removed to the Tower (of which more anon), there still remained the box or Pyx containing the Standard Trial Pieces which were used for testing the justness of weight of the gold and silver coins issued from the Mint. This trial took place once every five years in the presence of certain officers of State, and was called the " Trial of the Pyx." The Pyx has now been removed to the Mint, and the

chapel has been thus denuded of its last remaining glory.

But what a wonderful old place it is even now, and as we step down into its shadowy interior, for its floor-level is slightly lower than that of the cloister walk, we catch our breath, for this grim-looking chamber is actually part of William the Conqueror's building, and the most ancient work now remaining in the Abbey. The floor bends and staggers as if crushed with the weight of years, but still retains worn and battered remnants of its original encaustic tile covering, quaint and cunning red and yellow patterns burnt thereon dulled with age. In the centre is a great cylindrical column almost as wide as it is high, with a rude capital on which some monkish sculptor in far-off Norman days has tried his prentice hand at vigorous carvings, but left off as if tired or dissatisfied before they were completed.

Plain stone groining roofs the chamber, crouching low, but with a mighty strength as of eternity, and in one bay an ancient altar, symbolical of the sanctity of the place where the Treasury of England was kept "under the guardianship of the inviolable Sanctuary which St. Peter had consecrated, and the bones of the Confessor had sanctified." And there was precedent for this, for was not the "Treasury of the Roman Commonwealth the shrine of the most venerable of the Italian Gods—the Temple of Saturn?" The altar-stone itself is remarkable in that out of its surface is cut a circular sinking, apparently for the reception of a portable altar or holy relic. Near at hand against the wall is the ancient piscina, standing on a circular shaft.

Dotted about the chapel are still to be seen some curious chests heavily bound with iron, and in a glass

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case a piece of what looks like, at first sight, stained and torn leather, but which the inscription informs us, with more desire to make our blood creep than, let us hope, truth, is a portion of the skin of one Richard de Podlicote, who robbed the Treasury in the reign of Edward I. But we are going too fast, for this same Richard de Podlicote is the hero (or villain if you will) of the terrible scandal we are about to relate, which shattered at one blow the sacredness of the chapel and caused the major part of its contents to be transferred elsewhere.

But before describing this audacious robbery, it is interesting to note that in the chapel to this very day can be seen two visible results or tokens of the success of de Podlicote's theft, both of them eloquent of the anxiety of the authorities to prevent any further robbery in the future. One of these is the so-called soldiers' beam. It consists of a sort of platform of oak boards supported by beams, whose ends rest on the capital of the central column and the wall next the altar, bridging the space between. The tale goes that after the robbery this "beam" was placed here, and soldiers were stationed on it to keep guard over the treasure. This may or may not be so ; at any rate, the story is interesting, and is in all probability true.

But of the authenticity of the other alteration there can be no doubt. This was none other than curtailing the size of the chamber by the drastic means of blocking out the whole of one bay with masonry. This was the north bay, the one that lies alongside the entrance passage to the chapter house ; and by cutting this portion off one of the entrances to the chapel was done away with, leaving only the door from the cloisters as a

means of entry. This north bay is still cut off by solid masonry walls, and as we view it now the Chapel of the Pyx is but two-thirds of its original size. But the door which formed the approach from the north is still in its original position, and the present writer has many a time, when a Westminster school-boy, run the tips of his fingers along between the iron hinges, and the blackened oak, and touched with a horrid thrill the strip of skin—but we are again anticipating !

The daring robbery which was perpetrated here in 1303 has only one parallel in English History—that of Colonel Blood many centuries later. In both cases success was attained—up to a point ; but while the gallant Colonel escaped punishment and was surprisingly forgiven by his sovereign, the unfortunate Richard de Podlicote suffered a fate concerning which the records of the times furnish, perhaps mercifully, no details.

Richard de Podlicote appears to have been a merchant or trader, and at the time of the robbery, as he himself admitted afterwards in his confession, was a broken and desperate man. The King (Edward I) was with his army on his way to Scotland, and his Palace at Westminster was in consequence almost deserted. The men-at-arms, blacksmiths, armourers, servants—in fact, every man capable of bearing arms—were with the King to swell his huge army, and in the Palace were only the Queen, women, and children, with a certain number of servants. It is easy to imagine, therefore, that rules became slack about locking gates, and the private one between the Palace and the Abbey may have been inadvertently left unclosed, or indeed forgotten. This

gate was somewhere to the north of the chapter house and near the door in Poets' Corner.

Now in the year in question there was lying in the Treasury a huge sum of money and specie, no less an amount than one hundred thousand pounds, which the King intended to employ to defray the cost of his army in his campaign against the Scots. This would be equivalent in modern times to at least one million pounds, a tempting bait indeed for a desperate and out-at-elbows man like de Podlicote ! But even he might not have dared to fly at such royal game, if he had not been emboldened by the success that attended him first in a smaller but none the less hazardous adventure. For, posing possibly as a workman, de Podlicote introduced a ladder by means of which he climbed at dead of night up the side of the chapter house, opened a window, and swarmed down a rope he had brought with him to the ground. Down the dark cloisters he sped silently as far as the refectory door, which he forthwith proceeded to break open. Once inside, he produced a bag, which was soon filled with silver from the refectory cupboards. Back to the chapter house crept the now laden and guilty man, to escape by the same method as he had used to effect an entry, and so into the deserted Palace. He had met no one, and, wondering what had become of the night-watchman, one senses that de Podlicote had accomplices among the monks.

Anyhow, the theft was completely successful, and the ease with which it was accomplished no doubt fired the desperado to attempt that infinitely more difficult task, namely to break into the King's Treasury.

More difficult, because in this case it was impossible to break open the immensely strong doors. The actual walls had to be broken through, and these were built of stonework of great thickness and solidity. Then, even if an entry was effected, how were the sackloads of booty to be carted away? Impossible without confederates, and confederates de Podlicote was careful to obtain before venturing on this astoundingly difficult and risky enterprise.

As in the case of his first attempt, this burglary was attended by success—until all was discovered and de Podlicote captured some months afterwards. In his confession he admitted having run through the proceeds of his first theft by Christmas, and that then he determined on robbing the Treasury. “And as he knew the way about the Abbey, and where the Treasury was, and how he could get there, he began to set about the robbery with the tools which he provided for it, viz. two ‘tarrers,’ great and small knives, and other engines of iron.” It took him four months to effect an entry, and it is clearly impossible, even though working under cover of night, that he could have cut a hole through a wall of solid masonry undetected unless within the Abbey there were a number of accomplices. He broke in at last on April 24th, the eve of St. Mark, “and all the day he stayed in there and arranged what he would carry away, and the night after that. . . . And what he took out of the Treasury he took at once out of the gate near St. Margaret’s Church, and left nothing behind within it.”

What really happened is largely a matter for conjecture. Certain it is, however, that the King’s money

and a considerable amount of treasure were stolen, to be conveyed across the river in hampers by boat, to be afterwards sold or melted down in London and elsewhere. The King's crown and important pieces of the Regalia were left undisturbed, for the thieves knew well enough that such things were of no use to them.

Edward I heard of the robbery in June, and when the royal officers came in person to investigate the matter they found, with eyes starting out of their heads with horror and consternation, that the coffers and boxes were broken open, the major portion of the treasure missing, and the whole chamber in the utmost confusion.

It is unnecessary to add that the King was speechless with anger, and excelled himself in the virulence of his Plantagenet oaths, that the monks of the Abbey were, with forty other persons (including of course de Podlicote), sent post-haste to the Tower, and that a searching investigation, accompanied by certain little formalities not unconnected with the torture-chamber, occupied the attention of the officers of State.

Two years passed, then the monks were released. They may well have considered themselves lucky, for of the fate of the ringleaders nothing is known save that the charge was brought home against the Sub-prior and the Sacrist of the Abbey. These two, with the principal in the crime, Richard de Podlicote, and maybe others, were doubtless hung with the usual tender accompaniments. Let us at least hope that they underwent no worse punishment than this, and that the blood-stained skin, which was afterwards nailed upon the north door in protest against the audacity of the robbers, was not, as is by some declared, the skin of the

unhappy Richard de Podlicote, flayed alive to appease the anger of his outraged monarch, and now exhibited in a glass case in the ancient Treasury of the kings of England, the Chapel of the Pyx.

In spite, however, of additional precautions which served for a time to allay anxiety, the ancient faith in the security of the old Treasury had received a blow from which it never recovered, and in the end the Regalia were removed to what was considered a place of impregnable safety—to wit, the Tower of London. Alas for human hopes ! Little did they foresee, those State officials, that in the then distant future a Lord Protector would usurp the place of the king, and Parliament destroy utterly, as if they had never been, the golden crowns, sceptres, and the rest of that wonderful collection of emblems of royalty. Out of that ruthless Puritan melting-pot only escaped the Black Prince's ruby, the ampulla, and Queen Elizabeth's salt-cellar.

Charles II, when he ascended the throne in 1660, consequently found himself without Regalia. Sir Robert Vyner, the celebrated goldsmith, was commissioned to supply him with a new set, which he did to the tune of £32,000, advancing the money himself. The crown was designed as nearly as possible on the lines of the original one, known as St. Edward's Crown, and was, with the rest of the new Regalia, deposited for safe custody in the Martin Tower (they are now kept in the Wakefield Tower) under the guardianship of Talbot Edwards, Keeper of the Regalia.

It was this glittering mass of gold and precious stones that was in the year 1673 to become an irresistible

attraction to that extraordinary scamp and Irish adventurer Colonel Blood. Like his fourteenth-century prototype, de Podlicote, he "dared mightily," but, unlike him escaped the consequences of his crime, and, in fact, did surprisingly well for himself, as we shall see.

Colonel Blood, as he was known to his contemporaries, had already before his attempt on the Crown Jewels made himself famous or infamous as the hero of several wild adventures, including an attempted insurrection in Dublin and a crazy plot to seize the Castle. This he followed up by carrying off the Duke of Ormonde, who had been Lord Lieutenant at the time, and all but succeeded in hanging him at Tyburn to avenge the deaths of some of his companions.

Stung to desperation by the failure of his schemes and urged on by empty pockets, Blood bethought himself of a plan by means of which, if it succeeded, he would provide himself with sorely needed cash and indirectly score off the English Government.

At the first glance his scheme seemed easy of accomplishment, and the whole idea, as worked out in that cunning brain of his, betrays a touch of genius. To begin with, the Regalia were not in those days guarded as they should have been. They were kept in an iron cage in a chamber of the Martin Tower under the sole charge of Talbot Edwards, the deputy Keeper, who was then an old man, living with his family in the upper rooms.

Imagine, then, the gallant Colonel, camouflaged as a clergyman, arriving one day at the Martin Tower, and, having knocked, gaining admittance and ingratiating himself with old Edwards and his charming family. Among the latter was a daughter, fair and in every way

desirable. Could a better match be found for her than to marry a parson's only son? A trifling detail that the said son did not exist except in the fertile brain of the civil and doubtless well-to-do stranger! Old Edwards was charmed, as was also his daughter. A meeting of the happy couple must be arranged. Old Edwards very thoughtfully proposed supper, and so it was settled.

On the evening in question Parson Blood arrived, accompanied by his supposed son and a friend, punctually to time we may be sure. The old man shuffled down the stone steps, lantern in hand, and let them in, with a smile of welcome.

Unfortunately the ladies were not quite ready—women were always so slow over their toilets, and of course this was a special occasion!

No matter! Would he be so good as to show them the Regalia? They had never seen them, and were devoured with eagerness to do so. Certainly, with the greatest pleasure imaginable. The door was unlocked, the visitors ushered in with pardonable pride on the part of Edwards, who, mindful of his trust even then, locked the door behind him.

Then things began to happen! The aged Keeper, instead of, as he fondly expected, listening to the enraptured comments of his visitors, was in the space of a second deprived of any possibility of being able to listen to anything whatever, for he was knocked senseless and gagged, by whom history does not relate. The three accomplices now got busy, and Blood was to prove the use of his parson's gown. He seized the crown, and, after beating it into a more convenient shape, crammed it into a bag, which he carried for that purpose round his

waist beneath his voluminous robes. His companion secured the orb, sceptre, and other valuable items, and all seemed to be going as merry as the proverbial marriage bell.

But at that point fate decided to take a hand in the game. For at that very moment young Edwards, the old man's son, chose to arrive quite unexpectedly from Flanders, where he had been serving as a soldier. As he entered his home something must have made him suspect that all was not right, for he rushed upstairs to question the womenfolk, who informed him that visitors were with his father. Down the stairs again he tore, this time thoroughly scared, to find the door of the room where the Regalia were stored wide open, and his aged parent a crumpled, groaning heap on the ground. And worse ! The crown, orb and sceptre had vanished ! Out rushed Edwards into the dark night, shouting "Thieves" at the top of his voice. In a flash the gloomy old fortress sprang to life, and the young man found himself speedily surrounded by an ever-increasing mob of pursuers. Among them, and almost at their head, ran a parson, who bawled as if his very life depended on it, "Stop thief," while vigorously urging them on to catch imaginary miscreants ahead. Yes, his very life and a good chunk of gold to boot, for the parson was none other than our friend Captain Blood, who, finding himself overtaken, had with true Irish wit and resourcefulness added his own person and voice to the ranks of the pursuers.

Nevertheless, his luck was out, for he and his companions were caught not long after at the moment they were mounting their horses outside the Tower. Thus were the Regalia recovered, and taken back in triumph

to their old home in the Martin Tower. But what of Colonel Blood? Imagination shudders at the bare thought of his ultimate fate. Yet the facts are not what one would expect. Charles II, that easy-going sovereign, happened to be in a particularly good humour. He sent for the gallant Colonel, was hugely tickled at the account of his daring adventure, and bestowed on him a pension of £500 a year. Why? A wager that no one could steal the Crown? History is silent on that point and the affair is "wropt in mystery."

But one thing is certain. Very shortly afterwards the Regalia found a new and more secure home in the Wakefield Tower, where they have remained from that day to this. Watched over at first by soldiers, they are at the present time guarded by mechanical devices which, supplemented as they are by strict personal supervision, ensure the most perfect security. And there among those priceless emblems of royalty can be seen the crown known as Edward the Confessor's Crown, which is used at the coronations of our sovereigns, the identical one that Colonel Blood battered so ruthlessly in the year of grace 1673, but now restored to its pristine magnificence.

Poor old Edwards! He did not long survive the shock of this, for him, terrifying adventure, for he died the very next year. Or possibly he would not have lived long in any case, being as he was at the great age of eighty. Those who are interested will find on the south wall of the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula a brass plate with the following inscription:

"Here lieth ye body of Talbot Edwards gentⁿ. later Keeper of his Ma^{ty}s Regalia who dyed 30th of September 1674. Aged 80 yeares and nine moneths."

Richard de Podlicote and Colonel Blood—two precious rogues, with not a pin to choose between them ! But what an astounding contrast between the fates reserved for them by destiny—the one an unspeakable death, the other a pension of five hundred pounds a year !

III

WESTMINSTER HALL

ONE looks in vain for the old Palace of the kings of England at Westminster. Fire and a thousand other destructive causes have almost completely wiped its buildings out of existence, and on the site where was once the Royal Court—a crowded city in miniature walled in and complete in itself—rise the modern Houses of Parliament, Sir Charles Barry's masterpiece. Indeed it is no exaggeration to describe the old Palace as a city, for within its walls in mediæval times were housed nearly twenty thousand people, all of whom had rations, pay, arms, and lodging. There were multitudes of workshops such as armourers and blacksmiths, and the air rang with their lusty hammering. The old Parliaments met here, and kings slept secure within its walls.

Minstrels and music, hard work and feasting, pageants and mystery plays, these and many other things went to make up the daily life in the Palace of Westminster. And it was in its greatest splendour in the reign of Richard II, when that monarch rebuilt the great Hall of William Rufus, and left it much as we see it to-day as Westminster Hall, practically the sole surviving relic of the old buildings.

Other portions remained, it is true, in the nineteenth century, much altered and restored, but these were burnt out in a disastrous fire close on a hundred years ago.

They included the beautiful St. Stephen's Chapel, which had for some years been used for the accommodation of the House of Commons and been irretrievably spoiled. Its crypt, however, exists, deprived of most of its interest by restoration. But Westminster Hall is still one of England's glories on account of its superb timber roof, unequalled now as it was in the days of Richard II.

Tragic scenes have been enacted beneath its mighty hammerbeams, contrasting strangely with other scenes of splendour, such as coronation banquets, that they have also witnessed.

Palace Yard, outside its entrance, has also seen many memorial episodes of England's history. It was here that Perkin Warbeck was set in the stocks, and on another occasion, at a later date, the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Capel, and the Earl of Holland were beheaded for the cause of Charles I.

High up on the gable of the roof were set the heads of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton at the Restoration, and here too, in the yard below, died the great Sir Walter Raleigh.

Internally Westminster Hall is an immense chamber, 240 feet long by 68 feet wide. As built by William Rufus, it had two rows of columns down its length, but these were taken down by Richard, who reconstructed the building almost entirely.

The oak roof, with its thirteen great timber trusses, spans the tremendous width of nearly sixty-nine feet, and is a wonderful example of what is the peculiarly English art of ornamental but scientific wood construction. It is a combination of hammerbeam, brace, and collar roof, and these, strengthened as they are by king and queen

posts, are welded together into one beautiful and structurally perfect Gothic design. Lately, owing to the ravages of the wood-beetle, which, by honeycombing the timbers, rendered them unsafe, the roof has been overhauled and restored, though the great majority of the original timbers have been retained and the pest destroyed.

On the frieze under the great windows is carved Richard II's badge, the white hart couchant, and at the further end is a fine flight of modern stairs, built as an approach to the Houses of Parliament.

The history of Westminster Hall is a long series of tragic events and State functions. In 1305 Sir William Wallace was here condemned to death, and on another occasion a hundred Jews were brought from Lincoln and charged with the terrible crime of crucifying a child. Roped together, surrounded by men-at-arms and a pitiless crowd of spectators, they face their judges. Witnesses are called who give hearsay evidence. Nothing conclusively proved, but eighteen are sentenced to be hanged, and the rest are haled off to prison.

The hall has seen a king's favourite tried in the person of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and not long after the King himself, Charles I, as prisoner, the banner taken at Naseby floating over his head. Charles was sentenced to be executed, this terrible pronouncement being made on January 27th, 1649.

The King, who during the reading of the sentence had smiled . . . then said : " Will you hear me a word, sir ? "

Bradshaw : " Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence."

The King : " No, sir ? "

Bradshaw : " No, sir, by your favour.—Guards, withdraw your prisoner."

The King : " I may speak after the sentence by your favour, sir. I may speak after the sentence *ever*. By your favour——"

Bradshaw : " Hold ! "

The King : " The sentence, sir. I say, sir, I do——"

Bradshaw : " Hold ! "

The King : " I am not suffered to speak. *Expect what justice other people will have.*" (*Trial of Charles I.*)

Among other notable people tried here were the Seven Bishops, acquitted in 1688, the Jacobites implicated in the rebellion of 1716, and Lords Cromartie, Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat in that of 1745. Warren Hastings was tried in 1788, and for a description one cannot do better than read the pages of Macaulay.

To turn from these sombre recollections to some of a happier kind, it was in Westminster Hall that Edward III welcomed the Black Prince on his return from France after the battle of Poitiers, bringing with him King John, whom he had taken prisoner.

Up to the reign of George IV Westminster Hall was the scene of the Coronation banquets. On these occasions occurred a most picturesque ceremony. The gates were flung wide, the trumpets sounded, and the Royal Champion rode in clad in armour *cap-à-pie*. Hurling his mailed gauntlet to the ground, he challenged any person to single combat who disputed the rights of the sovereign. This challenge was repeated by him three times as he advanced up the hall, the ceremony terminating by the sovereign pledging him in a silver cup. For his services the Champion was afterwards given the cup. The post of Royal Champion was hereditary, passing from father to son in the ancient family of Dymoke of Scrivelsby.

There were many other banquets held here, as when Henry III, on the marriage of his brother Richard, Earl

of Cornwall, ordered thirty thousand dishes to be prepared ; and on other occasions gave liberal entertainment to the poor, who crowded the hall and the adjoining chambers to overflowing.

In more modern times Westminster Hall was celebrated for its lawyers. When Peter the Great was in England and came here he was astonished at their great numbers. " Why," he is reported to have said, " I have only two lawyers in all my dominions, and I mean to hang one of those when I get home."

So degraded became the uses to which the building was put that at one time stalls for the sale of hats, books, and other articles were ranged against the walls, as mentioned by Lydgate :

Within the Hall, neither riche nor yet poore,
Would do for aught, although I sholde dye :
Which seeing I gat me out of the doore
Where Flemynge on me began for to cry,
" Master, what will you require or by ?
Fyne felt hats or spectacles to rede,
Lay down your sylver and here you may spede."

Westminster Hall was for many years the High Court of Justice, and sometimes three judges sat here in different parts at the same time. Law Courts designed by Sir John Soane were built against the west side, but were pulled down on the completion of the New Law Courts in 1883. They consisted of the Court of Queen's Bench, the Court of Wards and Liveries, the Court of Requests, the Bail Court, and the Court of Common Pleas, where the Tichborne Trial was heard.

On the east side of the hall was the Court of Exchequer, having under it two cellars called " Hell " and

“Purgatory.” Their names seem to imply that they were used as prisons.

There was also a Court of Chancery, at one time presided over by Sir Thomas More, who used to ask his father’s blessing every morning before commencing work, the latter sitting in an adjoining Court.

The Palace has vanished, and with it the State trials, banquets, and Law Courts, but Westminster Hall, its grandest and most famous building, remains to form a glorious vestibule to the modern Houses of Parliament. But it is sad to think that in this very Hall Richard II, the young King whose enthusiasm for building had inspired his craftsmen, Henry Yeveley and Hugh Herland,¹ to rear this masterpiece of stone and timber, should have been deposed at the early age of thirty-three in favour of Henry of Lancaster, the future Henry IV.

¹ Herland was apparently responsible for the roof and Yeveley for the masonry.

IV

CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA

THERE is no more delightful and picturesque promenade in London than the road that fringes the Thames along the length of what was once the village of Chelsea, and known as Cheyne Walk. Altered almost beyond recognition in recent times by the construction of the Embankment and the disappearance of its wharves and many quaint old dwellings, not to mention the famous wooden bridge beloved of artists, Cheyne Walk still retains much of its former charm, and captivates not only by its rows of trees and ancient brick houses, but by the ever-changing beauty of the river as it sweeps by on its course to the sea. Here the Thames is seen at its best, for on its opposite bank is the long, green expanse of Battersea Park, that smiles a friendly greeting to its neighbour Chelsea across the sparkling waters.

It is from Battersea, indeed, that the most fascinating view of Chelsea can be obtained. Seen from there, it gives the impression of being a town of the William and Mary period, so Dutch does it look, with its mellow brick houses and long, formal rows of trees clustering round the squat, homely parish church.

But possibly the outstanding charm of Cheyne Walk—as of, indeed, all Chelsea—lies not only in its undeniably picturesque buildings and tree-lined vistas, but even to a greater extent in its memories of the people who have

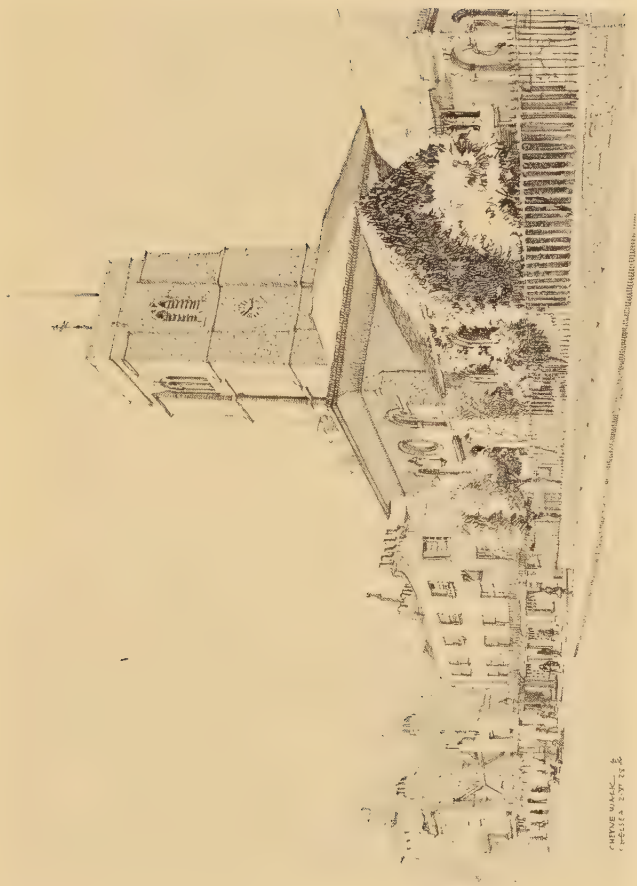
lived there in the houses that yet remain or in those that have, alas, disappeared. It is the aim of these pages, by touching very briefly on a few of these noteworthy houses and celebrities, to attempt to give an additional interest to those who visit Cheyne Walk, those, that is, who love the glamour of its associations.

To that end let us start our perambulation at the western extremity, or, in other words, where the imposing chimneys of the Electric Light Works rear their dizzy heights at Lots Road, and, working our way eastward along leafy Cheyne Walk, extend our tramp to its termination at Flood Street.

Lots Road, our starting-point, derives its name from a part of the Chelsea Manor pasturage known as "Lots." On the north side of the road formerly stood Ashburnham House, one of Chelsea's stately mansions, and at one time tenanted by Lady Mary Coke.

It was near here, on a site now covered by a tangle of streets, that in the middle of last century were the pleasure grounds known as Cremorne Gardens. This famous resort opened in 1845, and flourished, in spite of a somewhat hectic notoriety, for thirty years. The "Balloon Tavern" commemorates a famous captive balloon, once one of the "shows" in the grounds.

Leaving the rather squalid neighbourhood of Lots Road, we come at once to the commencement of Cheyne Walk, and along the short stretch that extends in a delightfully irregular curve as far as Battersea Bridge one can obtain a conception of what the Chelsea riverside looked like before the Embankment was made. For this is the last remaining vestige of the old river-wall and foreshore, mud flats and barges, that once extended



CHEYNE WALK,
CHELSEA.

Cheyne Walk, Chelsea

from end to end of Chelsea in the days when it was a picturesque, if smelly, riverside village. Some day this too will be swept away, and the Embankment extended, but while it yet remains let us be thankful for this little glimpse of the old fishing village of long ago.

And here, looking over the river, is a humble two-storied brick cottage, where lived and died the great painter and colourist, Turner. The flaming sunsets and magnificent sky effects that he saw from this little house across the mighty Thames brought to his very door many of the inspirations that we treasure to this day upon his canvases.

His landlady's name was Booth, and till the day of his death he was known locally as "Puggy Booth." It is recorded of him that he would "often rise at daybreak, and, with blanket or dressing-gown carelessly thrown over him, go out upon the railed-in roof to see the sun rise, and to observe the colour flashing back into the pale morning sky."

A little farther on is the fine old mansion originally known as Lindsey House, but now, since it became divided up into six separate dwellings, Lindsey Row. The mansion was originally occupied by Sir Theodore de Mayerne (*ob.* 1655), court physician to four kings, and afterwards by Robert Earl of Lindsey, Lord Great Chamberlain. Still later it came into the possession of Count Nicholas von Zinzendorf, the leader of the Moravians, whose cemetery is near by, off the King's Road. Among the famous men who have resided here since the house was subdivided are Brunel, the engineer of the Great Western Railway, Joseph Bramah, the inventor of the lock, and Whistler, the artist who

immortalised Chelsea through his well-known etchings and studies. Even as it stands to-day in its mutilated condition, Lindsey House is imposing, but in the seventeenth century there could have been few houses along the river-banks to excel it in dignified and restrained design.

At the corner of Beaufort Street is Bellevue House, where lived William Bell Scott, poet, artist, and friend of Rossetti.

The uninteresting iron structure known as Battersea Bridge spans the river at this point, replacing the quaint old wooden one that was the delight of such artists as Whistler, Turner, and De Wint. The wooden bridge was erected in 1771, but, becoming unsafe, was closed to wheel traffic in 1883. Further back still there was at this spot a horse ferry dating from mediæval times, and in all probability Royal property.

Beyond the bridge is a large block of modern flats, and a little farther on, standing on a plot of ground where some old buildings have been demolished, is Crosby Hall, formerly part of a City merchant's Palace of the fifteenth century, and removed piecemeal from Bishops-gate to its present site. Its magnificent timber roof and oriel window are well worth seeing. Sir Thomas More lived in Crosby Hall for a few years, and it is a strange turn of fortune's wheel that the building should find a new home within a stone's throw of the spot where the great Chancellor's country house once stood on the right of Beaufort Street.

Of the latter, once the most famous of all Chelsea's houses, not a vestige remains, if one excepts a few bits of garden wall, for it was demolished by Sir Hans Sloane. The building, which was known later on as Beaufort

House, had large gardens running to the river, and it was here that the More family was painted by Holbein in 1528.

The King himself often came to visit Sir Thomas More, and, having dined, would walk with him in the garden "by the space of an hour, holding his arm about his neck."

On the terrace next the river Henry VIII's Chancellor once had an altercation with a madman, as is thus recorded in Aubrey's *Lives*.

It happened one time that a Tom of Bedlam came up to him, and had a mind to have thrown him from the battlements, saying, "Leap, Tom, leap." The Chancellor was in his gowne, and besides ancient, and not able to struggle with such a strong fellowe. My Lord had a little dog with him. Sayd he, "Let us first throwe the dog down and see what sport that will be"; so the dog was throwne over. "This is very fine sport," said My Lord, "fetch him up and try once more"; while the madman was goeing downe My Lord fastened the dore, and called for help, but ever after kept the door shut.

Alongside the terrace lay moored the barge ready to carry the Chancellor to any business or pleasure he had in mind, and on one sorrowful day to bear him down the river on his last journey to the Tower.

Danvers Street recalls through its name the fact that at its northern extremity stood Danvers House, built by Sir John Danvers in the first half of the seventeenth century. Its grounds seem to have extended from the King's Road to the river, and the gardens, laid out in the Italian style, were celebrated for their beauty. Sir John sided with the Rebels during the Civil Wars, and was one of those who signed Charles I's death-warrant. Danvers House was demolished in 1696.

On the corner wall of the street is a tablet : " This is Danvers Street, begun in ye year 1696 by Benjamin Stallwood."

A few steps farther on we come to Chelsea Old Church, with its sturdy brick tower, standing at the end of Church Street, and looking to this day what it once was, an English village church. Flanked on each side by old Georgian houses, with whom it forms a most picturesque riverside group, it is, with its monuments and associations, one of the most interesting churches in London.

Before we pass on it is interesting to recall that just outside the church, and actually spanning the roadway to the water's edge, stood a very old house, where lived Sir Reginald Bray (architect of St. George's Chapel, Windsor) in the reign of Henry VII, and in the seventeenth century the famous Bishop Atterbury.

Continuing our walk eastward, we come upon Lawrence Street. In this street at the corner of Justice Walk (where later on was a public house, " The Prince of Wales ") stood in former days the Chelsea China Factory, world-renowned for its exquisite porcelain. It is believed that there was a factory here as early as 1698, but the best specimens of Chelsea ware date from the period 1750-64. In the latter year the industry was removed to Derby.

Chelsea China occasionally fetches big prices, as when Lord Dudley paid £2,000 for the Chesterfield vase.

It is recorded that " the great Dr. Johnson carried out a series of experiments at this factory, which he regularly visited twice a week (his housekeeper accompanying him with provisions). The Doctor had access to all parts of

the little factory except the mixing-room ; but his compositions failed to stand the ovens, and he eventually retired in disgust." The author of *Rasselas* was, as might be expected, completely out of his element !

On the opposite side of the road is the site of Lawrence House, the home at one time of Mr. Tobias Smollett, the novelist. It was here that, although embittered by sickness and plagued with duns, he wrote *Count Fathom* and other works, whilst among his visitors were numbered Garrick, Sterne, Goldsmith, and the Sage of Fleet Street. Carlyle mentions Smollett in a letter he wrote from Cheyne Row. " We might see at half a mile's distance Bolingbroke's Battersea ; could shoot a gun into Smollett's old house where he wrote *Count Fathom*, and was wont every Saturday to dine a company of hungry authors, and then set them fighting together."

Before Smollett's time Lawrence House had been the home of the Duchess of Monmouth, the widow of the handsome but ill-starred Duke whose fate was sealed on the plains of Sedgemoor.

On the same side of the street still stands a picturesque old house known as Monmouth House, distinguished by the exceptionally fine carved hood over the front door.

Cheyne Row, a sunny little street with pleasant eighteenth-century brick houses, is next reached from Cheyne Walk. It is world-renowned as the street where Thomas Carlyle and his wife came in 1834, and lived in No. 24 (formerly No. 5), till they died in 1881 and 1866 respectively. The charming little building can be seen on payment of a small fee. Of it Carlyle said in a letter to his wife, prior to her seeing it : " The house itself is eminent, antique, wainscoted to the very ceiling,

and has all been new painted and repaired ; broadish stair with massive balustrade (in the old style) ; corniced and as thick as one's thigh ; floors thick as a rock, wood of them here and there worm-eaten, yet capable of cleanness, and still with thrice the strength of a modern floor."

William de Morgan lived at 30 Cheyne Row, two doors from Carlyle's house, from 1872 to 1881. Here he developed his ceramic art, and built a small kiln at the end of the back-garden. Later he rented Orange House, No. 36, where the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Redeemer now stands, and used it as a studio and show-room. He passed his time chiefly between Florence and Chelsea. Among de Morgan's best known novels are *Joseph Vance*, *Alice For Short*, and *When Ghost meets Ghost*.

Leigh Hunt lived in the next street ; Emerson, Ruskin, and Tennyson were among his visitors.

Back again in Cheyne Walk, a bronze statue in the garden next claims our attention. It is by Edgar Boehm, and portrays the seated figure of Carlyle, excellent in pose and likeness.

Passing some interesting Georgian dwellings, we come to a modern one called "The Magpie and Stump House," designed by Mr. C. R. Ashbee. It occupies the site of the "Old Magpie Inn," where the village courts used to meet.

We now come to Albert Bridge and Oakley Street, a broad, modern thoroughfare. Near where the latter joins Cheyne Walk used to stand two more of Chelsea's great mansions : namely Shrewsbury House, the residence of the Earls of Shrewsbury, one of whom had

Mary Queen of Scots under his custody ; and Winchester House, the palace of the Bishops of Winchester.

And here too, extending from Oakley Street as far as No. 18 Cheyne Walk, was Henry VIII's Manor House. That much-married monarch settled the manor on the last of his wives, Katherine Parr, and it was here she came to live after his death. Here also her fourth husband, Lord Admiral Seymour, came to woo her, and Princess Elizabeth, the Queen's step-daughter, came to reside as a small child, with disastrous consequences to Seymour. For he schemed to compromise the little Princess (she was only thirteen at the time), and this telling heavily against him in his subsequent impeachment, helped to bring him to the block. Afterwards the Manor was given to Dudley Duke of Northumberland, the father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey. Its last owner was Sir Hans Sloane.

Facing the river, and extending from Oakley Street to Flood Street, is a long row of houses of various dates, some modern, others partly ancient, and a few looking little changed from what they must have been in the eighteenth century. In front of them are charming little fore-courts or miniature gardens, standing behind old wrought-iron gates and railings of simple but excellent design.

A number of famous people have inhabited these houses from time to time, and it may be of interest to mention some of them, coupled with the number of the house in which they severally lived.

At No. 24 lived Mrs. Augusta Webster, the poet, and author of *The Snow-waste*. No. 18 (rebuilt) was the celebrated Don Saltero's coffee-house. The Don's real

name was Salter, and he was for a time servant of Sir Hans Sloane. He opened his coffee-house in 1695, and, filling the house with a hugger-mugger collection of curios, among which were Queen Elizabeth's chambermaid's hat, pieces of the Holy Cross, and "ten thousand other gimcracks," his rooms soon became a favourite gathering-place for the wits and fashionable folk of the neighbourhood. Salter also combined the professions of barber, antiquary, musician, and tooth-drawer, and was himself "of a thin and meagre countenance." Altogether an extraordinary character.

The coffee-house flourished until 1799, when the collection was sold for a few pounds and the house became a tavern.

At No. 17 lived Thomas Attwood, the pupil of Mozart, and himself a great composer.

No. 16 is the Queen's House, so named because it was once the residence of Catherine of Braganza, Charles II's neglected Queen. Her initials are seen on the fine wrought-iron gate to the fore-court. Queen's House is a well-proportioned and dignified building, and unconfirmed rumour has it that it was designed by Sir Christopher Wren. Inside the rooms are wainscoted and admirably proportioned. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, artist and poet, lived here for many years, and in the public garden is a monument to his memory, comprising his bust by Ford Madox Brown over a drinking fountain. It was in this house that the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood used to foregather, among their number being Holman Hunt and Millais. Rossetti seems to have had a passion for quaint beasts, such as owls, wombats, and hedgehogs, which he kept at his Chelsea Home, also filling his house

with rare and beautiful objects. But his rooms were always in a state of disorder, much to the annoyance of Ruskin, who once wrote, "If you wanted to oblige *me* you would keep your room in order and get to bed at night. All your fine speeches go for nothing till you do that."

Rossetti himself referred to his eccentric way of living when he penned the following humorous lines to Lizzie Siddal, his wife, during her absence :

The bore was heard ere noon ; the dun
Was at the door by half-past one ;
At least 'tis thought so, but the clock—
No Lizzie there to help its stroke—
Struck work before the day begun.

Some time over the fire he sat,
So lonely that he missed his cat :
Then wildly rushed to dine on tick—
Nine minutes swearing for his stick
And thirteen minutes for his hat.

In No. 10 Cheyne Walk (rebuilt) lived Count D'Orsay, the celebrated dandy, for years the *arbiter elegantiarum* of London.

No. 6 is one of the finest old houses in the Walk. Here in 1770 lived a famous quack physician, Dr. Dominiceti. His so-called medicated baths, which he erected in the garden, roused the wrath of Dr. Johnson, and his venture ended in bankruptcy.

In No. 4, another well-preserved and dignified Georgian building, lived Daniel Maclise, R.A. He died here in 1870. It was afterwards taken by George Eliot and her husband, but the great authoress contracted a chill, and died December 22nd, 1880. She was buried at

Highgate, "joining that choir invisible whose music is the gladness of the world."

No. 3 is the last house claiming our attention. It was inhabited by the celebrated musician Sir John Goss, organist to St. Paul's in the middle of the last century. Two doors farther on we come to Flood Street, and arrive at the end of our pilgrimage and the historic Cheyne Walk.

V

RAHERE'S PRIORY CHURCH

HAS ever noble building suffered worse indignities and defilements than the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great? Sold at the dissolution of the monasteries by that receiver of stolen goods, Henry VIII, to Sir Richard Rich, together with the conventual buildings, it was for the most part pulled down, and the land where it had stood "developed" to line the gallant knight's pockets. And even that was not the final insult, for the choir, Lady chapel, and transepts, which had been spared to serve as a parish church, were not only "beautified and adorned" by the parishioners, but let out in sections as a profit-making concern. The north transept was rented by a blacksmith, whose forge was set up there forthwith. A fringe factory occupied the fourteenth-century Lady chapel, the parochial school studied in the north triforium, and Nonconformists held meetings in the south transept. Not only that, but the remaining fragments of the beautiful cloisters (one can but wonder why Sir Richard Rich forgot to demolish them) were turned to good account by being converted into stables.

Meantime the parishioners retained the choir for their own private use, signalling their appreciation of their magnanimity by hewing great chunks out of some of the noble circular columns in order to provide more floor

space for their pews, and doing other things the sooner forgotten the better.

Then came the Rev. J. Abbis, and after him the Rev. W. Panckridge. From their advent, and under the direction of the architect Sir Aston Webb, R.A., St. Bartholomew the Great entered upon a new phase of its existence. The building has been carefully and reverently restored, and of the fringe factory and blacksmith's forge, if we except some blackened stones in the north transept where the forge once stood, not a vestige remains.

The new work necessitated during the process of restoration is not a slavish copy of the old, though harmonising with it, and throughout the building the original worked stones have been retained untouched.

Even part of the cloisters have been recovered from the stable proprietors, and are now being gradually restored. Three bays of the east walk were acquired in 1905, and in 1923 a further five bays were purchased in celebration of the eight-hundredth anniversary of the priory's foundation. The cloister dates mainly from the fifteenth century, when the original one of Norman work was rebuilt.

The story of how Rahere, "a pleasant-witted gentleman and therefore in his time called the King's minstrel," founded the priory and adjoining hospital in 1123 is an oft-told tale, but may bear repeating. Becoming wearied of the gay and frivolous life at Henry I's court, Rahere made a pilgrimage to Rome. There he fell grievously sick, and vowed that if he recovered and reached England again in safety he would build a hospital for "the recreation of poure men." St. Bartholomew appeared



ST BARTHOLOMEW CH.
THE GATEWAY. 1881-1882.

St. Bartholomew's Church, The Gateway

to him in a vision, and commanded him to build a church dedicated to the saint in Smithfield.

Rahere recovered and travelled back to England. Having obtained the King's sanction, he straightway set about his task of building the Priory of St. Bartholomew for Augustinian canons on the then marshy land of Smithfield.

At the same time, and in close proximity, arose the hospital he had promised to erect. This also he dedicated to the saint. Unlike the priory, the hospital has been guarded by a kindly fate, and is at the present minute flourishing in a manner far beyond Rahere's wildest dreams.

Of his splendid priory Rahere was only able in his lifetime to complete the choir, Lady chapel, and two small chapels at the east end of the church. The choir alone remains to show what a wonderfully beautiful building would have arisen under his directions had he but lived. His Lady chapel was rebuilt in the fourteenth century, and the two smaller chapels pulled down. The nave, of which there is now only one bay remaining, was not completed until 1240, and, extending to Smithfield, occupied the site of the present graveyard. It was destroyed in Henry VIII's reign, but there is still standing one fragment of the west front. That is the west doorway of the south aisle, the fine Early English arch through which one passes to the churchyard and the church beyond. The house over this arch, by the way, is an interesting example of half-timber work and was built about 1595. It was restored in 1916 by Sir Aston Webb, when the tile facings with which the house was disfigured (hiding the old timbers) were stripped off,

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the windows replaced by ones of correct character, and the figure of St. Bartholomew inserted between the upper windows. Below are the arms of the priory.

Passing through the archway into the queer little graveyard, one sees in front of one the present west front, built immediately after the nave had been destroyed, and refaced in 1893, with the addition of a porch. The somewhat uninteresting and grim-looking brick tower, dating from 1628, is over the south aisle.

Of the interior of Rahere's many-bayed choir and aisled apse it is impossible to speak but in terms of the most profound admiration. Gone are now the unsightly western gallery, cumbersome pews, and wood partitions with which unappreciative and ignorant parishioners had once degraded it ; the glorious apse has been rebuilt to its original design, and in its present state there is no more impressive building for its size in the whole of England. Its sturdy cylindrical columns, with their massive cushion capitals, the subdued light, the almost Eastern gracefulness of the apse, through whose stilted arches one catches glimpses of flashing sunlight in the little Lady chapel beyond, and above all the effect of tremendous age, make one wonder at this splendid conception of Rahere, Henry I's *jongleur*, and regret all the more the destruction of the remainder of the priory.

With the exception of the clerestory, in which at a later date perpendicular windows were substituted for the original Norman circular ones, the design of the building is little altered since those far-off days when the Augustinian canons were in possession. The larger clerestory windows allow more light to filter in, and the stained glass has gone, that is all. But if we miss the

jewelled magnificence and solemnity, the incense and the cloistered peace, of former times, at least we have one thing that the Augustinians had not, the solemn beauty evolved by the passing of the centuries.

The transepts which were pulled down have been rebuilt, though shorn of some of their original depth.

High up in the one remaining bay of the nave is to be seen a small window, in which used to be set a beacon light when St. Bartholomew's Fair was in progress in the neighbouring Smithfield.

On the north side of the choir stands, between two Norman columns, the most noteworthy monument in the church, that to the founder, Rahere. Beneath a fifteenth-century canopy lies his recumbent effigy, clothed in the black vestments of a prior of the Augustinian order, and at his feet stands an angel holding a shield bearing the arms of the priory. On each side of the calm and beautiful sleeping figure kneels a monk reading from a book. A Bible, open at Isaiah li., includes the passage "He will comfort all her waste spaces ; and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord," in reference to the foul swamp on which the church was erected.

Rahere was the first Prior of St. Bartholomew's, and died in 1144. His effigy, which is a fine piece of sculpture, is in all probability intended to be a portrait.

On the opposite side of the choir, in one of the bays of the triforium—whose semi-circular arches are elsewhere, by the way, subdivided very charmingly into smaller ones on slender shafts—is a projecting bay window of early sixteenth-century design inserted here by Prior Bolton, the last man but one to hold that post. It is in

this bay window, most likely, that he sat during service, though it may have been built as a watching-chamber for keeping guard over the high altar. It is a plain bit of perpendicular architecture, and on it is carved the rebus of Bolton, viz. a cross-bow through a wine-tun.

An unseemly incident once occurred in the choir. It happened in 1247, when the Provençal Archbishop Boniface, uncle of Eleanor, Henry III's Queen, slapped the face of the sub-prior, who had enraged him for showing want of reverence, tore his cope off his back, and trampled it under foot. Not content with this, the Archbishop, who was in full armour beneath his vestments, pressed the wretched man against a column with such vigour as almost to kill him. Then ensued a free fight between the monks and the Archbishop's attendants, and, the inhabitants of Smithfield rushing in and joining in the fray, Boniface was compelled to fly for his life to Lambeth.

There is in the north ambulatory, which on a dull day is almost eerie in its soft and shadowy darkness, a monument one cannot pass without mentioning because of its touching epitaph by Sir Henry Wotton (*od.* 1639).

Shee first deceased, he for a little try'd
To live without her, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

The Lady chapel, which was terribly knocked about by the owners of the aforementioned fringe factory, is now once again a beautiful adjunct to the church, thanks to the admirable work of restoration so ably carried out by Sir Aston Webb. The windows are for the most part new, for the original ones had been destroyed, and there is a new low-pitched roof.

The chapel in its present form, with a square east end, was built *c.* 1410. On the south wall near the altar can still be seen the sedilia and piscina, "sadly mutilated from having been used as a recess for the fringe-maker's safe."

Underneath is a small crypt, well-preserved and lit from narrow and deeply splayed windows. The stone groining is supported on low segmental arches springing from a height unusually near the ground. It was used by the monks as a charnel house, but is now utilised as a mortuary chapel.

And here we will leave Rahere's grand old priory, which once had in its library until its dispersal the following interesting mention of its foundation. "The church was founded in the month of March, in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, in memory of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, the year from the incarnation of the same Lord, Our Saviour, 1123. The Holy Father Pope Calixtus II then holding and ruling the Holy See of Rome ; William, Archbishop of Canterbury, presiding in the Church of England, and Richard being Bishop of London, who consecrated that place."

And then it was, as the church gradually arose out of the swamp, that, according to the old chronicles, a marvellous light shone upon it, the blind received their sight, and cripples became sound. Whether that may have been so or not, at any rate, Rahere's divine vision is still bearing fruit in the great hospital that he founded in the same year, the Hospital of St. Bartholomew.

VI

GRAY'S INN

IN Elizabethan times Gray's Inn was without doubt the most important of London's four Inns of Court, and the number of its students easily outnumbered those of any of its rivals. It stands on a piece of ground once the Manor of the noble family of the Greys of Wilton, from whom it derives its name, having been their "Inn" or dwelling. It is by no means clear when Gray's Inn first became a permanent residence for lawyers, but it was certainly leased to them prior to 1570, and possibly some of their number were connected with it many years previously. As far back as 1370 Lord Grey de Wilton had let "a certain Inn in Portepole for 100 shillings," but to whom is not stated. Portepool was the name of the Manor. The Greys finally parted with their property in 1505, when it was sold to Hugh Denny.

The neighbourhood of Gray's Inn retained its rural character up to the commencement of the last century. In the reign of Elizabeth Gray's Inn Lane was a country road running between hedges, as also was Holborn, and from them could be seen the hills of Hampstead and Highgate, with almost uninterrupted woodland country intervening.

Samuel Pepys seems to have been very fond of Gray's Inn, for he several times mentions going there in his diary, where on one occasion he records being "very

well pleased with the sight of a fine lady " who was walking in the garden.

In another place he states : " To Gray's Inn, and there to a barber's where I was trimmed, and had my hair cutt, in which I am lately become a little curious, finding that the length of it do become me very much."

In more modern times Nathaniel Hawthorne in his *English Note-Books*, pays tribute to its peaceful seclusion.

" Gray's Inn is a great quiet domain, quadrangle beyond quadrangle, close beside Holborn, and a large space of greensward enclosed within it. Nothing else in London is so like the effect of a spell as to pass under one of these archways, and find yourself transported from the jumble, rush, tumult, uproar, as of an age of week-days condensed into the present hour, into what seems an eternal Sabbath. It is very strange to find so much of ancient quietude right in the monster city's very jaws—which yet the monster shall not eat up—right in its very belly, indeed, which yet, in all these ages, it shall not digest and convert into the same substance as the rest of its bustling streets."

In fact, the majority of the great writers of the past seemed to have found the Inn a favourite subject to introduce into their works, and in Addison's *Spectator* one finds the following passage :

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks, but I heard my friend (Sir Roger de Coverley) upon the terrace, hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with anyone who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

The following short extract from Fortescue's *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ* may give a slight idea of a student's life in the Inns of Court in the old days :

There is in the Inns of Court a sort of an academy or gymnasium fit for persons of their station ; where they learn singing and all kinds of music, dancing, and such other accomplishments and diversions, which are called revels, as are suitable to their quality, and such as are usually practised at Court. At other times, out of term, the greater part apply themselves to the study of the law. Upon festival days, and after the offices of the Church are over, they employ themselves in the study of sacred and profane history ; here everything which is good and virtuous is to be learned, all vice is discouraged and banished. . . . The manner and method how the laws are studied in those places is pleasant and excellently well adapted for proficiency.

It appears that great nobles placed their children at the Inns of Court, not with the idea of intending them eventually to take up the law as a profession, having large patrimonies of their own, but “ to form their manners, and to preserve them from the contagion of vice.”

It is evident, however, from contemporary records that the students were not always as well behaved as they should have been, in spite of their very comprehensive and careful tuition, for we read in Samuel Pepys's Diary :

Mr. Howe to see us, and among other things told us how the Barristers and Students of Gray's Inn rose in rebellion against the Benchers the other day, who outlawed them and a great deal of ado ; but now they are at peace again.

The regulations as regards dress were very strict at Gray's Inn, and in 1574 the following order was issued :

That every man of the Society should frame and reform himself for the manner of his Appeal according to the Proclamation then last set forth, and within the time therein limited, else not to be accounted of this House ; and that none of this Society should wear any Gown, Doublet, Hose, or other outward garment, of any light colour, upon penalty of expulsion.

Years ago, when the neighbourhood was very different from what it is to-day, alms and broken bread used to be given away at Gray's Inn Gate to the poor.

That for the better relief of the poor in Gray's Inn Lane [now Gray's Inn Road] " the third Butler should be at the carrying forth from the buttery, and also at the distribution of the alms, thrice by the week at Gray's Inn Gate, to see that due consideration be had to the poorer sort of aged and impotent persons, according as in former time he had to do .

The charwomen who are employed in the Inns of Court to keep the offices and chambers dusted and cleaned were, and are to this day, called laundresses, and a quaint order was once issued with reference to them.

No laundresses under 40 years of age shall after this time come into the chambers of the gentlemen of this house of Gray's Inn ; and they shall not send their maids, of whatsoever age they may be, into the said gentlemen's chambers, on pain that the gentlemen acting to the contrary shall for the first offence be out of commons, and for the second out of the Inn.

Truly the members of Gray's Inn were well looked after !

There is a servant belonging to the Inn called a Panyer man, one of whose duties is to announce dinner. This he does by proclaiming the word "*manger* " in each of the courts. In the Temple the same office is performed by blowing a horn.

Down to the end of the sixteenth century the principal entrance was from Gray's Inn Lane, but in 1594 the society bought some land in Holborn from a Mr. Fulwood, where they "erected a fayre gate, and a gate-house, for a more convenient and more honourable passage into the high streets of Holborne, whereof this house stood in great neede, for the other former gates were rather posterns than gates."

It was at this gate—which by the way is well designed and built of brickwork, now alas defaced by stucco—that Sir Samuel Romilly stood all night under arms during the Gordon Riots. Among the residents of Gray's Inn were a fair number of Catholics, and, writing to a friend, Romilly states :

"I believe I did not mention in my former letter that these civil broils have converted me into a soldier. Gray's Inn was one of the places which these determined enemies to all law threatened to lay in ashes.

"All the law societies were resolved to stand upon their defence. Accordingly we all armed ourselves, and kept watch at our different gates for several nights."

Gray's Inn Hall was rebuilt in the reign of Queen Mary. It is a fine example of the period, with its characteristic "stepped" gables, though it has suffered from various acute attacks of senseless restoration. The old tile roof has been replaced by one of slate, and the lantern also was destroyed, its supplanter being of feeble design. But in spite of this the hall still retains much of its original character, and the interior is a worthy rival, though on a smaller scale, of the one in Middle Temple. It is seventy feet long by thirty-five in width, and contains the usual features of a raised dais, bay window, and



Gray's Inn, The Hall

screen. The latter is an interesting and beautiful piece of carved woodwork, having Ionic columns, overlaid with strapwork ornament, between each bay. Above is a Minstrel's Gallery, whose rail is supported by sculptured figures. A tradition says that the screen and some oak tables were presented to the Inn by Queen Elizabeth. To this day on certain special occasions the toast is drunk to "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of Queen Elizabeth," for Gloriana always treated the members of the Inn with great distinction. But perhaps the most striking feature in the hall is the splendid collection of armorial shields in the windows. Some of them have been here for centuries and are of the greatest interest, besides flooding the hall with rich colours. The coats of arms are those of families who have at one time or another belonged or been connected with the Inn.

The chapel, which is now a drab and uninteresting-looking Gothic structure covered over with stucco (how the Benchers of a hundred years ago loved that accursed material !), is believed to stand on the site of the original one granted by Royal Licence to John de Grey in 1315, and may contain some of the old walls. Besides the chaplain, there was a preacher from early times, and among the latter occurs the name of William Wake, who afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury.

It is evident that the authorities were on occasion determined to preserve the Inn from all petticoat intrusion, for in 1629 a regulation was worded, and we presume enforced, "That no Women or Boyes be suffered to come within the Chappell."

Even the Reader in Divinity had to pay the penalty, for he was to be "a man unmarried . . . and he shall

keep the same place during his continuance unmarried. . . .”

The great enclosure known as Grey's Inn Square is undoubtedly the finest courtyard in the four Inns of Court. Nothing in Lincoln's Inn or the Middle and Inner Temple can compete with it for size and dignity. Surrounded on three sides by homely red-brick buildings, which are fortunate indeed in that they have retained their original cornices, and on the fourth or south side by the hall and chapel, it is a peaceful and endearing haven to the jaded Londoner. Its great size is made more understandable when one remembers that it was once divided down the centre by a block of chambers, thus forming two courts named Cony and Chappel Courts. These chambers were pulled down, as is mentioned in Strype's *Stow*, where it says that :

Since the taking down the middle row of old chambers, which severed Cony Court from Chappel Court, both are laid open together ; only a separation of a palisado rail running across to keep the coachmen from driving their horses into Cony Court, which since the levelling and gravelling is kept very handsome. And this Court being the best situate as to an open aire, especially the west and north sides, which look into the garden and adjacent fields, is of most esteem, and hath the best buildings.

There is no palisado rail now, needless to say, for its utility has vanished, but there are trees, and the bright green foliage of the latter contrast refreshingly with the russet brickwork and grey, classic doorways to form a picture difficult to efface from the memory.

Gray's Inn gardens are celebrated, and there is very little doubt that they owe much to Lord Bacon, the society's most famous member. He was most likely

responsible for the lay-out, and that he planted trees here is beyond all question, for in 1597 it was ordered "that the summe of £7 15s. 4d. due to Mr. Bacon for planting elm trees in the walkes, be paid next term."

Bacon loved gardens, as is proved by his delightful essay on that subject, which he called *Of Gardens*.

In his time there was a lovely view from here northwards, and, sitting in the little summer-house that he had erected, he could see the road winding away through the woods in the direction of St. Albans, where stood his country house.

It was on a visit to Gray's Inn from this very house that he met his death. It was bitterly cold weather, and snow lying inches deep upon the ground, he determined to experiment with it to find out if flesh could not be preserved by its use. He thereupon purchased a fowl at a cottage, and assisted in stuffing its carcase with snow. This brought on a severe chill, and he was carried to Lord Arundel's house near by, which he was never to leave alive.

Charles Lamb, in his *Essays of Elia*, speaks affectionately of the gardens :

"They are still the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court—my beloved Temple not forgotten—have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law breathing. Bacon has left the impress of his foot upon their gravel walks."

The splendid old wrought-iron gates that form their entrance are hung from a pair of stone piers, the latter being surmounted by the arms of the Inn carved in stone, namely a griffon. Curiously enough the griffon supports a stone shield on which is carved a winged

horse or Pegasus, the arms of the Inner Temple. But this is understandable when it is remembered that Gray's Inn had a sort of alliance with the Society of the Inner Temple, especially with respect to pageants and processions. Hence the Gray's Inn Griffon is to be found at the Inner Temple, while Pegasus figures here upon the great gate-piers leading to the gardens, and also in other parts of the Inn.

Gray's Inn was always noted for its masques and revels, at the composition of which Bacon often assisted. There are grounds for believing that Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* was performed on one occasion in the hall. One of the best remembered masques is the one called *The Masque of Flowers*, which was presented by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn in 1613 at the Court of Whitehall, and was revived in 1887 on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee.

Among the famous members of the Inn were Sir William Gascoigne—the judge who committed Prince Hal (afterwards Henry V) to prison for contempt of court—Bishop Gardiner, Lord Burleigh, Archbishop Laud, and, as has been mentioned previously, Lord Bacon.

The latter's great work, his *Novum Organum*, was written here, but it does not appear to have pleased King James, who described it as being "Like the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

VII

A NOTABLE LONDONER

WHAT Londoner worthy of the name has not heard of Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street?

He never lived, say you? There was "no such person"?

Alas! One is bound to confess that this celebrated and notorious personage is but a legend, and an imported one at that! But his name—and what a name!—doubtless to this day conjures up to thousands of Londoners the gruesome tale connected with his fictitious shop in Fleet Street, and the mutton-pie maker so conveniently living next door.

Sweeney Todd, so we are told, kept a barber's shop near St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street. A customer would enter and demand a shave. Nothing simpler. He was accommodated with a chair, and shaving operations commenced. But how was he to know that the chair on which he sat was placed over a trap-door? Or that, half-shaved, the unsuspecting wretch would be dropped into the cellar and there despatched? Yet that was what happened to him, as had happened to many a poor victim before. And, sad to relate, his next appearance in the world would infallibly be in the mutton-pies vended next door. That at least was what was said—nay, proved! For none of the barber's customers were ever seen to leave his shop, while his neighbour,

the maker of pies, was never known to purchase mutton.

A truly desperate villain this Sweeney Todd, and he well merits his nickname of the Demon Barber. But the Newgate Calendar has no mention of his name, and the records of those days are discreetly silent, so one is forced to the conclusion that Sweeney is a myth, a legend, based on a story brought over from France. In 1823 the first English version appeared in a journal called *The Tell-Tale*, with the title "A Terrific Story of the Rue de la Harpe, Paris," and ran as follows :

In the days following the French Revolution a country gentleman was cruelly murdered and mutilated by a Paris barber in the Rue de la Harpe, Faubourg St. Marcelle. This man, after appropriating a casket of jewels belonging to his victim, disposed of the body to a pie-maker whose patties were highly popular with Parisians. Later on the discovery of the remains, and also the skeletons of some three hundred other human beings who had been similarly utilised by these monsters, spread disgust and horror throughout the French capital. The murderers were arrested ; they confessed and were duly executed. An edict prohibiting the erection of any habitations upon the spot is mentioned in Fouché's *Archives of the Police*, and fixes the date of the crime as the year 1800.

This was set forth in *The Tell-Tale*. Later on, however, the story was altered by Thomas Prest, the author of *Tom Gallant ; or, the Life of a Sailor, Ashore and Afloat*, into an English version. He embodied the original tale in his, converted the French criminals into English, transferred the action from the Rue de la Harpe to near

St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, and the pie-shop to Bell Yard, Temple Bar. This tale was published in 1840 by Edward Lloyd, the founder of the great newspaper.

In 1842 George Dibdin Pitt wrote a melodrama founded on Prest's sensational story. The melodrama was called *Sweeney Todd, the Barber of Fleet Street; or, The String of Pearls*, and was produced by Samuel Lane at the Britannia Saloon, Hoxton.

Other dramatic versions have since then been built on the plot, and one was staged at the old Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, so late as 1878.

This, then, is the origin and true history of Sweeney Todd, whose adventures had for many years a gruesome fascination for slavies, grooms, and pot-boys, and to this day are recounted with delight to country cousins.

Strangely enough, one of the old houses between St. Dunstan's Church and Fetter Lane was for many years a pie-shop, and carried on a brisk trade despite the association with this gruesome story.

In conclusion, it is interesting to recall that the great Charles Dickens may have had Sweeney Todd in mind when, talking of Tom Pinch, he declares that "Tom's evil genius did not lead him into the dens of any of those preparers of cannibalistic pastry, who are represented in many standard country legends as doing a lively trade in the metropolis."

VIII

THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Quem dei diligunt, adolescens moritur.

THERE is nothing perhaps that touches the imagination and stirs the heart so deeply in Westminster Abbey as the sight of one of those little monuments that here and there, amidst the lordly sepulchres of our kings and queens, stand almost timidly in some vacant and unobtrusive nook. For the most part simple and innocent as the young lives they commemorate, they are apt to be passed by unnoticed, while their more splendid neighbours clamour for our admiration and attention. Yet there is something pathetically romantic about these tiny tombs erected over the bodies of Royal babes, these Princes and Princesses, who, for aught one knows, had they lived might have changed the whole course of English history, and some of them even ascended the throne.

One, at least, all but had the crown in his grasp, only to have it snatched from him at the last instant. This was Edward V, who, though figuring among our English sovereigns, never came to the throne, and died uncrowned, without sceptre or orb, a boy little more than twelve years old. This unhappy Prince was the elder

son of Edward IV and Elizabeth Woodville, and when his father died the country viewed with alarm the prospect of another minority.

“Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child.” And it fell to the lot of his unscrupulous Uncle Richard to depose and imprison him in the Tower.

His mother, Elizabeth Woodville, however, took sanctuary at Westminster, accompanied by her five daughters and her second son, Richard, Duke of York. There in the dining-hall (now College Hall) she “sate alone on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed.” Later on she retired with her children to the ancient sanctuary building, where the right of asylum was held sacred even by her foes. For, according to a Papal decree, “a breaker thereof is doomed to perpetual fire with the betrayer Judas.” The newly created king, Richard III, would have taken his nephew from there by force, and in the end succeeded, backed as he was by the misleading but powerful argument of an ecclesiastic that, as the boy was incapable of such crimes as needed sanctuary, so he was incapable of receiving sanctuary. Elizabeth Woodville pleaded in vain for her younger son, and her final words ring like a prophecy. “I can no more, but whosoever he be that breaketh this holy sanctuary, I pray God shortly send him need of sanctuary, where he may not come to it !”

But her words fell on deaf ears, and, feeling in her heart that she would never see him again, she cried, “‘Farewell, mine own sweet son : God send you good keeping ! Let me kiss you once ere you go ; for God knoweth when we shall kiss one another again.’ And therewith she kissed him and blessed him, turned her

back, and went her way, leaving the child weeping as fast."

The Duke of York was haled off to join his brother in the Tower, and shortly afterwards Elizabeth heard the news of their death, while she was still in the sanctuary guarded by Richard's soldiers.

It is believed that the two Princes were murdered in the Bloody Tower by two assassins, Dighton and Forrest, at their uncle's instigation. In Heywood's play of Edward IV he describes the two brothers being taken to their lodging, accompanied by their uncle and Brackenbury, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and how Prince Edward, sensing even then impending treachery, pauses at the entrance to question the Lieutenant.

Prince Edward :

" Yet before we go

One question more with you, Master Lieutenant :

We like you well ; and, but we do perceive

More comfort in your looks than in these walls,

For all our Uncle Gloucester's friendly speech,

Our hearts would be as heavy still as lead.

I pray you, tell me, at which door or gate

Was it my Uncle Clarence did go in

When he was sent a prisoner to this place ? "

Brackenbury : " At this, my liege. Why sighs your Majesty ? "

Prince Edward : " He went in here that ne'er came back again !

But as God hath decreed, so let it be !

Come, brother, shall we go ? "

Prince Richard : " Yes, brother, anywhere with you."

Prince Edward's fears were only too well justified, for he and his brother never left the Tower alive.

In Shakespeare's Richard III Tyrrell, the " discontented gentleman " employed to hire the two ruffians

Dighton and Forrest to perform this infamous deed, relates in a soliloquy what they told him had occurred.

“ *O thus,*” quoth Dighton, “ *lay the gentle babes* ”—
 “ *Thus, thus,*” quoth Forrest, “ *girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms ;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk.
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay ” ;
 “ *Which once,*” quoth Forrest, “ *almost chang'd my mind ;*
But, oh ! the Devil ”—there the ruffian stopp'd
 When Dighton thus told on—“ *we smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.”
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse ;
 They could not speak ; and so I left them both
 To bear this tidings to the bloody King.

King Richard III, Act iv. Scene 3.

Their bones were found many years afterwards in the reign of Charles II, and it was that monarch who had the happy inspiration of laying them to rest in that peaceful corner of the north aisle of Henry VII's Chapel where already two other Royal children had been buried, the infant daughters of James I, the spot now known to all visitors to Westminster Abbey as Innocents' Corner.

The white marble urn in which their bones were placed is said to have been designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and was erected in 1674.

One intimate link with the little murdered Duke of York is connected with the Chapel of Abbot Islip in the Abbey, for there is buried, without a monument, Anne Mowbray, his betrothed wife of childhood.

The two miniature tombs which, with that of

Edward V and his brother, stand together in Innocents' Corner were erected in memory of James I's infant daughters, Mary and Sophia. They died, curiously enough, in the same year.

Mary was two and a half years old, and was, according to her father, who was devoted to her, "a most beautiful infant." He was observed to say, with a queer mixture of theology and humour, that he would not pray to the Virgin Mary, but would pray for the Virgin Mary. Her end is described as peculiarly touching, and was referred to in a funeral sermon preached in Henry VII's Chapel, September 23rd, 1607.

"Such was the manner of her death, as bred a kind of admiration in us all that were present to behold it. For whereas the new-tuned organs of speech, by reason of her great and wearisome sickness, had been so greatly weakened, that for the space of twelve or fourteen hours at least there was no sound of any word breaking from her lips; yet when it sensibly appeared that she would soon make a peaceable end of a troublesome life, she sighed out these words, 'I go, I go'; and when, not long after, there was something to be ministered unto her by those that attended her in the time of her sickness, fastening her eyes upon them with a constant look, she repeated, 'Away I go!' And yet a third time . . . faintly cried, 'I go, I go.'"

The epitaph on her tomb says that she "received into heaven in early infancy, found joy herself, but left longings to her parents."

The little Princess is depicted leaning over on one tiny arm while she gravely looks around her.

At each corner of the monument are weeping amorini.

Where Loves no more, but marble Angels moan,
And little cherubs seem to sob in stone.

John Dart.

Her sister Sophia, who died at Greenwich when only three days old, is buried by her side, and is commemorated by a monument as unusual as it is appropriate and charming. It takes the form of a cradle, with the baby Princess sleeping peacefully inside beneath a beautifully sculptured marble coverlet. She was the first Sophia among the English princesses. The King "took her death as a wise prince should, and wished her to be buried in Westminster Abbey, as cheaply as possible, without any solemnity."

A little rudely sculptured bed,
With shadowing folds of marble lace,
And quilt of marble, trimly spread
And folded round a baby's face.

Smoothly the mimic coverlet
With royal blazonries bedight
Hangs, as by tender fingers set
And straightened for the last good-night.

And traced upon the pillowing stone
A dent is seen, as if to bless
That quiet sleep, some grieving one
Had leaned, and left a soft impress.

Susan Coolidge.

In the vaults of the south aisle of the same chapel are buried in their tiny coffins the progeny of the doomed House of Stuart. Pitiful in number are these children who, had some of them survived, might have changed the future destinies of our country and preserved their royal race from extinction. Ten children of James II are

known to lie here, five sons and five daughters, and eighteen of Queen Anne, of whom all but one died in infancy, and he, William Duke of Gloucester, only surviving until his eleventh birthday, the last of his race.

Here too is buried Henry Frederick, Prince of Wales, the brilliant and much-beloved son of James I. Disraeli says of him, "The short life of Henry was passed in a school of prowess, and amidst an academy of literature." When this vault was entered during some investigations last century his lead coffin was found, shaped into rude features, and on the breast was soldered a leaden casket, evidently containing his heart. Below were engraved his initials, the Prince of Wales's feathers, and the date of his death, 1612. Overhead the splendid monument to his grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, guards with an awful majesty this last resting-place of her unlucky descendants.

In the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, that wondrous spot "paved with princes and a royal race" about the saint's miracle-working shrine, is the simple tomb that marks the last resting-place of Princess Margaret of York, the infant daughter of Edward IV and Elizabeth Woodville. She was nine months old, and the little altar-tomb stands near the splendid monument to Richard II.

On the other side of the chapel is the tomb of Elizabeth, Henry VII's little daughter, aged three. She died at Eltham, and was buried with great pomp.

Not far off, in the Chapel of St. Edmund, is possibly the quaintest of all the monuments to children that are to be seen in the Abbey. It is a miniature altar-tomb of Purbeck marble, standing wedged in between two great monuments, and the two little alabaster effigies, hardly

bigger than dolls, that lie on top side by side look like pigmies compared to the huge figures on either hand. The tomb commemorates the two infant children of Edward III, William of Windsor and Blanche of the Tower. The latter was born in the Tower of London, hence the name. The effigies, which are much mutilated, are carved in yellow alabaster, the boy in a short doublet, the girl in studded bodice and adorned with a horned head-dress.

Near the entrance to St. Edmund's Chapel, in the south ambulatory, is the fine altar-tomb, decorated with mosaics, erected by Henry III to three of his children who died as infants, Richard, John, and the beautiful and much-beloved five-year-old Catherine. She is known to history as the dumb Princess, for she was thus cruelly afflicted, and mass was said daily for her in the Hermitage of Charing.

Wak't from the womb, she on this world did peep,
Dislik't it, clos'd her eyes, fell fast asleep.

Fuller's *Worthies*.

There are other children buried in the Abbey, but enough has been said to show how full of human interest are these tiny memorials to Royal babes—"those whom the Gods love——"

IX

STAPLE INN, HOLBORN

ELIZABETHAN gables fantastically breaking the skyline, projecting storeys of half-timber work delightful in their irregularity, leaded casements dotted about in a haphazard fashion, with their little panes of glass bright or grave by turn as the light changes, this is Staple Inn, the one-time Inn of Chancery that rears its old frontage in the busy thoroughfare of Holborn. A relic of the past? Yes, but it is something more than that. As an example of Elizabethan domestic architecture it stands unequalled in the whole of London, and behind the nodding gables is a small but beautiful hall, almost as ancient, that drowns through the years between two peaceful courtyards.

Nobody can express the feelings of a wanderer who strays by chance into this quiet spot better than Dickens did in *Edwin Drood*.

Behind the most ancient part of Holborn, where certain gabled houses some centuries of age still stand looking on the public way, as if disconsolately looking for the old Bourne that has long run dry, is a little nook composed of two irregular quadrangles, called Staple Inn. It is one of those nooks, the turning into which out of the clashing street imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton wool into his ears and velvet soles on his boots.

Another great writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne, was



Staple Inn

similarly impressed, when in his first visit to London he says :

I went astray in Holborn through an arched entrance. . . . The windows were open : it was a lovely summer afternoon, and I have a sense that bees were humming in the court, though this may have been suggested by my fancy, because the sound would have been so well suited to the scene. There was not a quieter spot in England than this . . .

The name of the Inn has been for long a subject of much controversy, but there is little doubt that Staple Inn means a customs-house, and in particular a custom's house for wool. For, long before the Inn became, in Henry V's reign, an Inn of Chancery for law students, it was a warehouse or *Stapledehalle* of the wool merchants. The name *Stapledehalle* is derived from the old French of Plantagenet times, when the word *estaple* was used for a merchant's storehouse, where they lodged their wares for sale, the word *halle* being the equivalent for the Saxon *inn*, which was then employed to mean a tenement, and in modern French a market.

Thus it appears that Staple Inn, or Stapledehalle as it was then called, was a market for wool merchants, who have, by the way, left a memorial in the arms of the house, which are " Azure a woolpack, argent " to this day. This is to be seen carved in stone over the entrance to the hall.

It is probable that in the reign of Henry V Staple Inn had ceased to have much, if any, connection with wool merchants, and had been converted into an Inn of Chancery. Anyhow, very shortly afterwards it was given up definitely to the lawyers as an appendancy of Gray's Inn for students. It was governed by a Principal,

a Pensioner (i.e. Treasurer), and eleven Fellows or Ancients.

With the passing of time, however, the utility of the Inns of Chancery gradually vanished. Some were pulled down, and some were sold, lock, stock, and barrel. Thus it came about that in 1886 Staple Inn passed into the hands of the Prudential Assurance Company, who have carefully preserved the old buildings, and thus they remain old and weatherbeaten, but safe from destruction.

It was in Staple Inn that Dr. Johnson wrote what he described to Miss Porter as a little story-book, his *Rasselas*. He came here famous as the author of the dictionary in 1758, "where," says Boswell, "we find him, it should seem, in as easy and pleasant a state of existence as constitutional unhappiness ever permitted him to enjoy." *Rasselas* was written to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral and a few pressing debts. He received £100 for the book.

Staple's Inn Hall was in process of building between the years 1580 and 1592, and stands between the two little courtyards. It is in very perfect condition, and has a fine timber roof and some good heraldic stained glass. Perched on the roof is a delightfully designed little cupola or lanthorn, also a bell-cot, and on the garden front of the hall is a characteristic Gothic door, dated 1753.

A certain Sir George Buck, writing in the year 1615, says "that they have bestowed great costs in new building a fayre Hall of brick and two parts of the outer court-yards besides other lodging in the garden as elsewhere, and having thereby made it the fayrest Inne of Chancery in this University."

One of the "two parts of the outer courtyards," that facing Holborn, still remains, the other was rebuilt in the eighteenth century.

It is interesting to recall, however, that until comparatively recently the delightful half-timber frontage that is now so much admired was hidden under a coating of plaster, and its windows set back. This was owing to a custom that prevailed in London after the Great Fire, when, in order to minimise the risk of further fires, all external woodwork was plastered over and other precautions taken. In 1887, however, the plaster was stripped off, the windows restored to their original positions, and, save for modern shop-fronts, the building is little altered from what it must have been in the days of Elizabeth.

The courtyard next the entrance from Holborn is peculiarly picturesque, with its flagged and cobbled pavement, its luxuriant trees, and surrounded (one had almost said guarded, so successfully do they battle against the roar of the traffic) by houses of various periods of architecture—Elizabethan, Queen Anne, Georgian—with the dates when they were built over the doorways. Thus No. 10, which, by the way, is in the Garden Court, the house immortalised by Dickens in his *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, was erected in 1747. The carved initials P. J. T. stand for Principal John Thomson.

In 1922 a portion of the courtyard paving gave way and revealed, on being taken up, an old well. This has since been covered in again with flagstones bearing the date of the discovery.

Dickens would be surprised and, one feels sure, delighted if he could see in these days of electricity and

gas-fires how fresh and clean-looking the old Inn has become. Gone, to a large extent at least, is the soot and grime that saddened him, and apparently the London sparrows, when in *Edwin Drood* he wrote of this very spot : “ It is one of those nooks where a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees, as though they called to one another, ‘ Let us play at country,’ and where a few feet of garden mould and a few yards of gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings.” In these days the sparrows do not look particularly “ smoky,” and may, if they feel so inclined, bathe to their hearts’ content in the miniature lily-pond, or the fountain, which are features of the garden that now adorns with its gay flowers the Garden Court of Staple Inn.

And the smoky trees? Well, go there on a hot summer’s day, and judge for yourselves of their beauty.

X

THE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF TWO LONDON STATUES

ONE does not usually associate romantic or mirth-provoking episodes with the history of such inanimate objects as statues, but certainly that of Charles I, which vanished only to reappear, and that of his son Charles II, spirited away to distant Yorkshire under a cloud of ridicule, are full of both these attributes.

Let us see how this came about.

The equestrian statue of Charles I, generally recognised as the finest in London, stands at the north end of Whitehall, gazing proudly towards the scene of that unhappy monarch's execution.

It is the work of Hubert Le Sueur, a Frenchman and pupil of the celebrated Italian, John of Bologna. Le Sueur was commissioned to cast it "in brass, a foot larger than life" and to "take advise of his Majesty's [Charles I] rider of greate horses as well for the shape and action as for the graceful shape and action of his Majesty's figure on the same."

The figure of the King is attired in dress such as he wore, and not, as was then the custom, in conventional Roman costume.

It was originally intended to grace the gardens at Roehampton belonging to Sir Richard Weston, afterwards

first Earl of Portland. As it happened, the statue was never erected there, and when the Civil War broke out it was sold by the Parliament to one John Rivet, a brazier living near Holborn Conduit, with strict orders to break it up. The crafty brazier, instead of doing this, concealed it in the vaults of St. Paul, Covent Garden. Then, to show that he had done his job thoroughly, he sold bronze knife-handles both to Royalists and Round-heads, the former becoming the proud possessors of relics of their martyred King, the latter of mementos of their triumph. But all the time the statue lay safely hidden, while John Rivet sold his bronze knife-handles and amassed a considerable fortune.

At the Restoration he produced the statue, which was promptly claimed by the Earl's heir, who had succeeded to the earldom. Rivet declined to give it up, and years passed before the dispute was settled.

At last, in 1674, it was erected upon its present finely carved pedestal on the site of the original Charing Cross, the pedestal being designed by Joshua Marshall, Master Mason to the Crown.

For close on two hundred years after the King's death it was the custom to wreath the statue with oak on May 29th, the anniversary of the Restoration, and to this day a service is held there on January 30th, the date of Charles's execution.

It is interesting to recall that on the night of April 13th, 1810, the King's sword fell from the statue, but was afterwards replaced. Later on it was stolen, possibly during the Coronation of Queen Victoria.

On or near the site of the statue was the spot chosen in 1660 for the execution of the Regicides, and here where

the murderers had died stands this noble masterpiece of Le Sueur's, of which Waller wrote :

That the first Charles does here in triumph ride,
See his son reign where he a martyr died,
And people pay that reverence, as they pass
(Which then he wanted !), to the sacred brass,
Is not the effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the statue and the stone ;
But heaven this lasting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught,
Rebellion, though successful, is but vain,
And Kings so killed rise conquerors again ;
This truth the royal image does proclaim
Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.

So much for the statue of Charles I, which happily remains to this day one of London's most prized possessions. The one to his son has an even more extraordinary history.

Among Charles II's subjects there was no one more devotedly loyal than Sir Robert Vyner, baronet, banker and Lord Mayor. It was he who advanced the money (£32,000) to furnish new Regalia for his King at the Restoration, and it was he who provided Charles with funds time and again.

When in 1666 the Great Fire of London wiped out of existence the major portion of the City, among other landmarks that vanished in the holocaust were the Church of St. Mary Woolchurchhawe and Lombard Street. On the site of where now stands the Mansion House was in those days the old Stocks Market, an open space consecrated to the use of fishwives, butchers, and vendors of many other wares, and there, too, were the stocks from which the market took its name. After the

Great Fire it was decided to increase the size of this open space, and it was then that Sir Robert Vyner had his inspiration. How could he show his loyalty to his King in better fashion than by erecting a statue to him? And what finer site than the centre of the Stocks Market?

Now be it understood that Sir Robert, although loyal to the core, had yet a care for his own pockets. And he, like the majority of the citizens of London, was just then sadly impoverished. His own home in Lombard Street had been burnt to the ground, and if his scheme was to materialise it would have to be done economically. Also it must be done at once, or the opportunity would be lost. By a happy chance he had in his possession an equestrian statue purchased recently for a mere song, which by a few judicious and trifling alterations would be the very thing he required.

What matter if the statue was meant to represent John Sobiesky, King of Poland, seated on a mild-looking steed in the act of trampling under hoof a Turkish infidel? It was only a question of "off with his head," and so the head of Charles II was forthwith made to replace that of the Polish King. Only one other alteration seemed necessary, namely to convert the features of the Turk into a passable likeness of Oliver Cromwell. The fact that Oliver would be wearing a turban did not matter "tuppence!" Nothing easier, and then this subtle (?) piece of camouflaging was with all due solemnity set up in the Stocks Market on the King's birthday, May 29th, 1672. Here it stood, surrounded by fish, meat, and vegetable stalls, until well into the reign of George II, when it was ignominiously bundled out to lie in a lumber or builder's yard for forty years.

But long before the statue was taken down satire was kept busy at its expense, even in Charles II's reign. Among the lampooners was Andrew Marvell, Member of Parliament for Hull, who wrote some biting but humorous stanzas, of which the following are a sample.

By all it appears, from the first to the last,
To be a Revenge, and a Malice forecast,
Upon the King's Birthday to set up a thing
That shows him a Monkey more like than a King.

When each one that passes finds fault with the Horse,
Yet all do assure that the King is much worse ;
And some by its likeness Sir Robert suspect
That he did for the King his own statue erect.

London has lost one of its best jokes these many years, for in 1779 the statue was presented to Sir Robert Vyner's descendants, and at the present time it stands in the grounds of Newby Hall, the Yorkshire seat of that family.

XI

THE CHARTERHOUSE

To reach the Charterhouse from Holborn Circus one must traverse Smithfield Market, once celebrated for its Bartholomew Fair, immortalised by Ben Jonson's play of that name, and also for a huge cattle-market. Bartholomew Fair, with its booths and puppets, has vanished many years ago, and the market for livestock has been replaced by a meat market. But Smithfield has other and more terrible associations, for it was on this spot that for many years religious persecution ran riot, and more ghastly scenes were enacted than in any other place in England. Protestants and Catholics each in turn delivered up their victims to the pitiless flames that have made Smithfield for ever infamous in the annals of our race.

But ahead of us is a green, sunny garden, once a fashionable place of residence, and known nowadays as Charterhouse Square, with on its north side the ancient Charterhouse, once a Carthusian monastery, then a ducal palace, and now a hospital for aged pensioners.

The monastery was founded by Sir Walter de Manny—the hero of Edward III's French wars, the de Manny of Froissart, whose chronicles are "illuminated by his prowess"—in 1371. It was called "The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God," and was designed to accommodate twenty-four monks and a prior. Walter de Manny, however, did not see his scheme completed,

but, dying in 1372, was laid to rest “ at the foot of the step of the great altar ” in the presence of Edward III and the Black Prince.

At the time of the Reformation the monastery had become wealthy, and was at the height of its prosperity when disaster overwhelmed it. For in 1535 Prior Houghton and his monks had to take a terrible choice, either to swear to the act of supremacy admitting Henry VIII the head of the Church, or to refuse and go to certain death. They chose the latter course. The Prior, who was apparently a man of blameless life, and had kept throughout his rule the reputation of the monastery unsullied, called the monks together in the chapel and preached a farewell sermon, with the text, “ O God, Thou hast cast us off, Thou hast scattered us,” and afterwards, in the words of Maurice Chauncy :

turned to us and bade us all do as we saw him do. Then, rising from his place, he went direct to the eldest of the brethren who was sitting nearest to himself, and, kneeling before him, begged his forgiveness for any offence which in heart, word, or deed he might have committed against him. Thence he proceeded to the next, and said the same ; and so to the next, through us all, we following him and saying as he did, each from each, imploring pardon (Chauncy, *Historical Martyrum*).

Prior Houghton and some of his companions were hung at Tyburn, but most of the remainder suffered a more terrible fate, being starved to death in Newgate Prison. A few submitted, and in the end received small pensions. But the monastery was left a prey to the King’s cupidity, and remained empty and despoiled for close on ten years. Even the fruit-trees were uprooted and carried off to be freshly planted in the King’s gardens,

the buildings stripped of wainscoting and timber, and Walter de Manny's pious foundation was a thing of the past.

But in 1545 the Charterhouse entered on a new, though totally different, epoch of prosperity, for it came into the hands of one of the King's favourites, the buildings having been granted to Sir Edward North. This man was evidently an able lawyer, and at the same time a courtier who was astute enough to steer his fortunes clear from perilous adventures. Henry VIII made him Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations, whose duties were to administer the revenues filched from the suppressed monasteries. Yet he even survived this difficult post without incurring his Royal Master's wrathful vengeance. Finally, being in need of money, he in 1553 sold the Charterhouse to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, the father of the ill-fated Guilford Dudley, husband of Lady Jane Grey.

Northumberland did not live to enjoy his new property, for he was executed on Tower Hill in the same year. North was also implicated in the plot to put Lady Jane Grey on the throne, but as usual his luck, coupled possibly with diplomatic cunning, enabled him to escape unscathed, and Mary actually made him a privy councillor and restored to him his old possession, the Charterhouse. Shortly before his death he again sold the property, this time to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. And so in the reign of Queen Elizabeth this man who had lived through such turbulent times during the reigns of four sovereigns—Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth—who had witnessed the Reformation, seen it submerged under the sudden revival of

Roman Catholicism, only to rise again triumphant under the iron rule of the Virgin Queen, died at the Charterhouse in the year 1564.

The new owner, the Duke of Norfolk, was a man who loved splendid surroundings. He then and there decided to pull down most of the monastic buildings, and in their place to build a home worthy of so great a noble as himself. And so arose an imposing town house to replace the old monastery. For the most part new, it yet retained within its mass a certain amount of the ancient walls and rooms. Norfolk renamed it Howard House. But he, like Northumberland, did not long succeed in resisting the temptation of conspiring for the sake of a fair lady. In other words, he was one of the ringleaders in a plot to seize Elizabeth and place Mary Queen of Scots on the throne. Ridolfi, the agent of Philip of Spain, came to see him secretly at Howard House, and a despatch was sent across the seas to Spain. The answer, in cipher, was intercepted, and Norfolk found himself a prisoner in the Tower, where he eventually suffered the same fate as his unfortunate father and his cousins, Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard. He is buried in the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, near the grave of the man who had also so recently been the owner of the Charterhouse, the Duke of Northumberland.

The property next passed to Norfolk's eldest son, Philip, who, although never regaining the forfeited title of Duke, was created Earl of Arundel. Becoming a Roman Catholic, he too was cast into the Tower, where he died in the Beauchamp Tower in 1595. It was then that Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, whom Elizabeth loved to call "her good Thomas," came into possession.

He was the son of the Duke of Norfolk by his second wife, and was a great admiral, one of the English sea-dogs for whom the Spaniards had such just cause to respect. His ship, the *Golden Lion*, was in the thick of the fight against the Armada, and he was Admiral of the little fleet at Flores when the *Revenge* fought her immortal contest against overwhelming odds. In Tennyson's ballad of "The *Revenge*" occur the lines :

Then swore Lord Thomas Howard,
'Fore God I am no coward ;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line ; can we fight with fifty-three ?

More prudent than Sir Richard Grenville, he sailed away with five ships, and "lived to fight another day."

Elizabeth showered honours on him, and shortly before her death stayed at Howard House. It was here too that James stayed on his arrival in London for his coronation, a curious turn of fortune's wheel for the son of Mary Queen of Scots to be entertained by the son of the very man who had lost his life in her cause. But by this time Suffolk was losing interest in Howard House. He had other fish to fry in Essex, where he was building a much more imposing home for himself at Audley End, which required all the money he could lay hands on. So in 1611 he sold his town house for £13,000 to Thomas Sutton, a Lincolnshire man who had made a huge fortune in Durham coal-fields. Sutton also owned much property in Wiltshire, Lincoln, Essex, and Cambridge-shire. In purchasing Howard House and the twenty-six acres of land attached to it, he, feeling himself near his end, was actuated by the laudable desire of devoting his

wealth to a useful and charitable purpose. To that end letters patent were issued for the foundation of a hospital for eighty aged men, and a school for forty boys, who were to be children of poor parents. Hardly had his wishes been brought to a successful issue than Sutton died, but not before he had nominated governors for his munificent charity, which was named the "Hospital of King James in Charterhouse."

The founder died at his home in Hackney, and was at first buried in Christ Church, Newgate, a few years later to be re-interred in the Charterhouse Chapel. The governors, among whom was George Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury, drew up a regulation that the old Pensioners, or "Brothers" as they were called, should be "of good behaviour and soundness of religion, and such as had been servants of the King's Majesty, either decrepit or old, captains either at sea or land, soldiers maimed or impotent, decayed merchants, men fallen into decay through shipwreck, casualty of fire, or other such evil accident."

At the head of the first eighty Brothers to be elected comes Captain George Fennar, a splendid seaman who had commanded the *Leicester* against the Armada and been in scores of sea-fights and buccaneering expeditions, to find his last home in the peaceful Charterhouse.

In 1629, owing to the irregular behaviour of some of the Brothers, the Governors were forced to narrow down and define more clearly the class of men who were to be admitted. In future the Brothers were to be "gentlemen by birth."

From then up to the present time the Brothers have to prove themselves at election to be bachelors or widowers

of the distressed gentleman class, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, artists, writers, or officers in the Navy or Army. Also they must belong to the Church of England.

For over three hundred years Sutton's foundation has flourished in this quiet corner of London, a haven of refuge for men who might have possibly gone under but for its timely help. Among their numbers have not been lacking personalities of note, as, for example, Maddison Morton, the author of *Box and Cox* ; and Stephen Gray, a pioneer of electric science.

If London still retains the Hospital, it has lost the school which constituted the other half of the foundation. For Charterhouse School is now at Godalming, and removed there to its new home on the Surrey hills in 1872. But during the many years it remained in possession of its old quarters, the school became justly famous as one of the finest scholastic institutions in the country. Among its pupils it could point with pride to the names of Richard Lovelace, Isaac Barrow, Addison, Steele, John Wesley, Thackeray, and Judge Blackstone. At the present time their old quarters are occupied by the Merchant Taylors' School, and so, on the green enclosure which was once the cloister garth of the old monastery, one may now see the youth of England at play, winter and summer.

The Charterhouse as it exists to-day is to be found beyond the old gatehouse in Charterhouse Square. The square in the days of the monastery was a churchyard, but in later times large mansions sprang up, and it became one of the favourite places of residence for the nobility. In fact, on one occasion a future Queen lived there, Katherine Parr, with her husband Lord Latimer,

before she became the sixth and last wife of Henry VIII.

The gatehouse itself dates from the sixteenth century, replacing the original one of the monastery and built on the same site.

From the gatehouse we pass into the entrance court, with, on the right, the façade of Howard House, and from there to the Master's Court, with the beautiful Great Hall. From the Master's Court we come next to Chapel Court, with its cloister. In this cloister, parts of which date from 1613, can be seen memorial tablets to famous Carthusians—Thackeray, Leech (the artist), Sir Henry Havelock, John Wesley, and many others.

The impression conveyed by these courtyards of the Charterhouse is unforgettable. With their grey stonework, mullioned windows, and, above all, the overpowering effect of peace and age on the spectator, they remind one of nothing so much as the old college "quads" at Oxford and Cambridge. And to those gifted with the power of imagination it is not difficult to conjure up again the old monastic buildings as they were, with the monks pacing slowly along the passage telling their beads, and still easier to visualise Howard House as it was when that sinister Spaniard Ridolfi came secretly, under cover of night, up the still existing "great staircase" to hatch treason with the Duke of Norfolk in the long gallery. The latter apartment also still remains, although divided up into smaller rooms, its windows being in the upper storey of the building facing the entrance gateway.

Of the chapel, with its magnificent Founder's Tomb, its vigorous and fantastic wood carvings, its iron grilles,

and its heraldic splendours, there is not here space for description. Sufficient is it to say that the lower portions of the south and east walls of the south aisle are of the original church, and that Nicholas Stone and Bernard Jansen were jointly responsible for the carving of the Founder's Tomb, which was finished in 1615. Sutton is depicted in a full-length effigy, dignified and solemn in his last sleep. It has been left to Thackeray to give the finest word-picture of the scene. "The chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, *Fundator Noster*, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day" (*The Newcomes*).

The great staircase is perhaps surpassed in magnificence by but few in the country. It is of Elizabethan date, and is very noble, with its great oak newels and quaint balusters, smothered in a profusion of elaborate carvings. Overhead the plaster ceiling, an intricate example of "strapwork" design, adds a touch of picturesque beauty to the whole.

The Great Hall, where the Brothers dine, was formerly the monks' Guesten Hall, and the lower portion of the walls still remain of that building. The fine oriel window, the hammerbeam roof, and the screen, we owe to the Duke of Norfolk, but the fireplace is of an earlier date. This hall, by the way, was never used by the monks for dining, but was where they entertained their guests, hence the name Guesten Hall. The monks themselves, being Carthusians, and therefore a silent order, had their meals brought to their cells by lay brothers, only on Sundays and festivals dining in their own



THE CHARTERHOUSE
WASH HOUSE COURT.
1852 A.D.

The Charterhouse, Wash House Court

refectory, a room which was in all probability pulled down by North or by the Duke of Norfolk.

Besides the Guesten Hall, there are many other fine rooms in the Charterhouse, notably Brook Hall, and the old drawing-room. Washhouse Court, a small quadrangle surrounded with venerable and sorely-battered buildings, is possibly the site of the monks "lavendry" or washhouse, and it was here, too, that accommodation was found for the lay brothers.

The cloisters of the old monastery have vanished long ago, but the site remains, and can be seen best from the terrace, the paved upper walk built by Norfolk as an approach to his tennis-court. Standing here, and looking down on what is now the playing-fields of Merchant Taylors' School, is the great square which was once surrounded with cloistered walks, and along whose sides were built the four-and-twenty cells that were the earthly homes of the Carthusian monks who owed their existence to the kind-hearted and gallant Walter de Manny. And that man, who was one of the bravest of the knights in Edward III's army, he who so nobly begged for the lives of the six burghers of Calais, would he not be glad to know that on the spot where his splendid monastery stood is now an equally good and charitable institution, the Hospital of the Charterhouse?

XII

A PEACEFUL CORNER OF CHELSEA

ON the east side of King's Road, Chelsea, at the point where it bends abruptly northward at the top of Millman Street, is a small, unobtrusive gateway which leads into a green and peaceful enclosure, an unexpected oasis from the din and bustle of the crowded streets surrounding it. In fact, once the little door is closed behind one, quiet and solitude reign supreme in this secluded spot. And this is as it should be, for it is a burial-ground, the property of the Moravians. These people, the *Unitas Fratrum*, on being expelled from Bohemia and Moravia early in the eighteenth century, were given refuge on Count Zinzendorf's Saxony estate of Berthelsdorf. The Count established colonies in Holland, North America, Chelsea, and elsewhere. As their leader he came over himself and lived for some years in Lindsey House, which is still standing in Cheyne Walk on the Chelsea Embankment.

The Moravians are, in fact, the oldest Protestant Church in Northern Europe. Not many people realise that the organisation of the *Unitas Fratrum* (Unity of the Brethren), as they called themselves, dates from 1457, and thus existed as a Reformed Church sixty years before the Reformation.

In 1740 the Moravians came into possession of the Fetter Lane Chapel, which had escaped the Great Fire

of London in 1666, and had been, previously to their acquiring it, in the hands of the Independents.

At one time the society numbered among their members John and Charles Wesley, while in more recent days they have supported several schools, at one of which (that at Fulneck, near Leeds) the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith received his early education.

Quite recently the *Unitas Fratrum* celebrated the bi-centenary of the re-establishment of their Church, which took place on August 13th, 1727, at Herrnhut in Saxony.

The burial-ground is still used by the Moravians, as is also their little chapel. The latter is rented by a school. The ground, which is a rough square in shape, is divided into four plots for married and unmarried men and women respectively. The gravestones, half-hidden amidst the grass, are simple flat slabs, and are engraved with the name and age of the deceased only. On the wall of the chapel is a tablet to Christian Renatus, Count of Zinzendorf and Pollendorff, born 1727, "departed" 1752, the only son of the founder.

It is noteworthy that those commemorated in this cemetery are not spoken of as "dead" but "departed."

Close by is the monument of Henry LV of Reuss, his wife Maria Justina, and Henry LXXIII of Reuss.

The chapel itself is a simple, dignified brick building with wide, overhanging eaves, and occupies the site of the stables belonging to the splendid house built by Sir Thomas More, the Chancellor in the reign of Henry VIII. Of this house not a vestige now remains, with the solitary exception of a fragment of wall on the south side of the Moravian burial-ground, which may have formed originally part of a coachhouse, and a part

of the western wall of the enclosure. There is, however, an interesting relic in the south-east corner of the ground—a stone water-trough, possibly from the old stables. The house was demolished by Sir Hans Sloane in the year 1740, and Chelsea lost its most famous and beautiful dwelling. It was from this house, by the way, that Sir Thomas More was carried in his barge to the Tower of London, fourteen months afterwards, to be beheaded on Tower Hill for refusing to take the oath which impugned the Pope's authority. He is buried in Chelsea Old Church, close to his home, where he had lived happily for sixteen years.

To return to the Moravian burial-ground, among those who were interred here were James Hutton—the friend of Wesley, and whose portrait hangs in a room of the Moravian Agency in Fetter Lane ; James Gillray, father of the caricaturist ; and James Fraser, who acted as missionary to and from Labrador in the services of the Moravians.

A mulberry-tree stands in the south-western corner, and near to it is the grave of one Nunak, an Esquimau Indian.

The ground is private, but permission to view it can be readily obtained at the caretaker's little cottage, which stands inside, near the entrance on the left. Gillray, the caricaturist, is said by some to have been born in this cottage.

In the summer-time, when the trees are in foliage (and those along the western wall were there when this was part of Sir Thomas More's estate), the little burial-ground is looking its best, and is well worth a visit from anyone who loves relics of the past and the peaceful nooks and corners of London and riverside Chelsea.

XIII

AN OLD CITY CHURCH

OF the almost countless churches that once adorned the City of London in the days before the great fire, hardly one survives in its original form. And of the splendid, massive wall that, together with its gates and fortresses, had defended the mediæval citizens from their enemies through so many centuries, nothing now remains save a few blackened fragments of masonry and the Tower of London itself. Yet in one little corner of the City can still be found standing side by side, as if for mutual protection, a church which escaped the great calamity of 1666 and a bastion of London wall.

The church is St. Giles' Cripplegate, and it stands at the end of Fore Street in the City, not far from Finsbury Circus. It may be interesting to recall in passing that in Fore Street was born Daniel Defoe.

Approaching the church, one cannot fail to be impressed by its fine tower, which, with its picturesque and almost foreign-looking cupola standing clear against the sky, makes a noteworthy and beautiful feature at the end of the street. The building is dedicated to St. Giles, the hermit of the Rhone and the special saint of cripples and lepers. But though the church, which was founded in 1090 near the postern in the city wall known as Cripplegate, escaped the great fire, it was burnt down a century before, in 1545, and the present edifice dates

from the rebuilding that followed immediately after. It is a lofty stone building, the architecture good, though not in any way of outstanding merit. Yet it is an interesting structure, designed in the last phases of the late Gothic period, and, with its large, perpendicular windows and general air of spaciousness, is altogether a fine specimen of a mediæval City church.

But what makes St. Giles' noteworthy above all else is the fact that the great poet Milton was buried here in 1674. An entry in the parish books says that he "died of consumption fourteen years after the blessed Restoration." His death took place at his home in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields.

The author of *Paradise Lost* had lived for many years in the neighbourhood, and it was to a house in Aldersgate Street that he, then a young man of thirty-five, brought his seventeen-year-old bride, Mary Powell. He describes their home as "a pretty garden-house, at the end of an entry, and therefore the fitter for his turn by reason of the privacy." But his young wife was a Royalist, and in the end, finding the life too sad and lonely, she left him and went back to her parents at Forest Hill.

Outside the church, facing the endless procession of traffic that roars its way down Fore Street (which quaint name, by the way, means *before* London Wall), is a modern bronze statue to the poet, an arresting but not too successful piece of sculpture by Montford.

Entering the church by the north door, one is immediately struck by the effect of spaciousness and dignity of the interior. The plan is simple, consisting of a nave and two aisles of equal length, the chancel, however, being lengthened by a short sanctuary of later date. In the



St. Giles, Cripplegate

east wall of this sanctuary there is a small oval window filled with eighteenth-century stained glass depicting cherubs heads, classical in conception and strangely out of place in a Gothic edifice, yet charming in itself. This little window, looking down the length of the church from the east wall like a yellow eye, gives a touch of quaint individuality to the building that is pleasing to all but Gothic purists.

At the west end of the nave is the tower with a groined ceiling.

There is a good deal of Renaissance woodwork in the church, some of which is by Grinling Gibbons. The font-cover, pulpit, and altar-piece are finely carved, as is also the reredos at the east end of the north aisle, which was removed here from St. Bartholomew's, Moor Lane, when that building was demolished.

In the south aisle, placed beneath a tawdry and offensively hideous Gothic canopy of later date, is a noble bust of Milton by the elder Bacon, a fine example of eighteenth-century sculpture. The poet's grave is said to have been irreverently disturbed and his remains exhibited as a show for many years, but the facts have never been proved. Yet this tale of desecration was believed by many, and roused the gentle Cowper to indignant protest in verse :

Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones
Where Milton's ashes lay.
That trembled not to grasp his bones
And steal his dust away.

O ill-requited bard ! neglect
Thy living worth repaid,
And blind idolatrous respect
As much affronts thee dead !

Milton is, however, not by any means the only celebrated man buried in St. Giles'. There are monuments here to Sir Martin Frobisher, the navigator and mariner, Speed, the topographer, and, near the west door, Foxe, martyrologist. The latter was expelled from Oxford for heresy, but Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote (Shakespeare's Sir Thomas) proved a good friend and received him into his family. Sir Thomas Lucy's daughter and grand-daughter have monuments on the north wall.

In the parish register is one supremely interesting entry. It is that of the marriage of Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth Bowchier on August 20th, 1620.

That St. Giles' has passed through the hands of "restorers" goes without saying. What City church has not? Let us be thankful that the restoration work, even if it has been done with perhaps too much thoroughness, has yet been done well, and has left this fine structure safe for future generations.

There is one thing more to be seen before one leaves St. Giles', and that is found by walking down the little passage west of the tower to the graveyard. For there, tucked away in the farthest corner, is the strangest adjunct to a cemetery conceivable. It is the bastion of London wall mentioned at the commencement of this article. Well preserved and built of rough stone and flint, it looks strangely lonely and forsaken, this fragment of what was once the mighty wall of defence of London city.

XIV

THE STONE OF DESTINY

THERE are two Coronation Chairs in Westminster Abbey, and of these one is comparatively modern. It is kept at the present time in one of the little chapels that form the *chevet* at the east end of Henry VII's Chapel. It is simple and plain in design and dates from the seventeenth century, when it was made for the coronation of Mary II. She was crowned, not as William III's consort, but as sovereign equal to him. Ever since then this chair has been habitually used for the queen's consort.

However, it is not of this historic relic that we wish to speak, interesting though it is, but of that much older and more beautiful chair that stands near Edward the Confessor's shrine. It dates from the reign of Edward I, for whom it was made, and, battered wreck though it is of its former magnificence, it remains a wonderful piece of mediæval craftsmanship, the work of Master Walter, "king's painter."

In this chair is enclosed the famous Stone of Destiny, the very stone which, according to legend, served for a pillow to Jacob when he slept at Bethel and saw the vision of the ladder reaching to heaven. There is surely no more famous stone in the world than this, and seated in the chair that encases it, every English sovereign from the days of that mighty soldier-king, Edward I, down to our present monarch, George V, has been crowned,

And never has a stone had such a mysterious and extraordinary history as has this block of reddish sandstone, for so its geological formation is proved to be after careful examination.

What matter if the tale of its many wanderings is based on poetic myths and legends dating from patriarchal and heathen times ; what matter if its origin is traceable to the rocky crags of the west coast of Scotland : it remains a symbol of Empire, binding together the whole of the British race under one monarchy. More, it serves as an imperishable link between the distant past and modern civilisation.

So, from the year when Edward I caused it to be shrined in Plantagenet oak, it has remained embedded in the chair which Walter the Painter fashioned with such consummate skill.

This is the chair mentioned by Shakespeare in his *Henry VI*, Part ii, when he makes the ambitious Duchess of Gloucester say to her husband, Humphrey :

“ Methinks I sate in seat of Majesty
In the Cathedral Church of Westminster,
And in that Chair where kings and queens are crowned.”

Once, and once only, has the stone left the Abbey, and that was on the occasion of the installation of Cromwell as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall. Nothing shows more clearly than this the veneration and importance attached to it in the minds of the people and their rulers.

Londoners especially have always felt a jealous pride in their having the Stone of Destiny in their midst, and when in 1328 Edward III actually agreed to return it to Scotland “ the people of London would by no means

allow it to depart from themselves." They permitted him to return the Scottish Regalia which Edward I had captured, but the Stone, they declared, they would not part with, and so it remains in the Abbey to this day.

An object of affection in those far-off times, it has continued to be so through the centuries. Yet one great writer of the eighteenth century, Oliver Goldsmith, mentions it with a half sneer in the *Citizen of the World* (Letter xiii) :

"Look ye there, gentlemen," said the attendant to Goldsmith, pointing to an old oak chair ; "there's a curiosity for ye ! In that chair the Kings of England were crowned. You see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob's Pillow !" "I *could see no curiosity* either in the oak chair or the stone ; could I, indeed, behold one of the Kings of England seated in this, or Jacob's head laid on the other, there might have been something curious in the sight."

In the *Spectator* (No. 329) Addison describes how his lovable character, Sir Roger de Coverley, is taken to see Westminster Abbey :

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, when my friend, having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillow, sate himself down in the chair ; and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland. The fellow, instead of returning here an answer, told him that he hoped his honour would pay the forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled on being thus trepanned ; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear that if Will Wimble was with us and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

So it would appear that our ancestors were not above mutilating the throne of kings, and this is proved

conclusively when one sees the present condition of the chair, scratched as it is all over with the names of ignorant but enthusiastic visitors, and the beautiful gilded gesso work utterly destroyed. The crockets and miniature turrets at the back are also missing, but these are said to have been sawn off a century or more ago in preparation for a coronation.

When Edward I captured the stone and presented it to Westminster Abbey he evidently intended it as a trophy of his victory over the Scots, and on the chair was to sit the officiating priest during the celebration of mass at the altar of St. Edward. It was also used by the Abbot on special occasions, and from it, as it faced westward, he could look from his elevated position down the entire length of the church.

Not far off, in the presbytery, hangs that wonderful work, the portrait of Richard II. It is a contemporary painting, and is one of the finest fourteenth-century portraits in existence. A likeness unquestionably of this weak but handsome king, the Richard of Shakespeare.

Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many follies,
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?

The picture, by the way, is referred to, among other works, in the Issue Roll 19, Richard II, as follows :

To Master Peter, Sacrist of the Church of the Blessed Peter, Westminster. In money paid him by the hand of John Haxey in discharge of £20 which the Lord King commanded to be paid to him, as well for painting the covering of the tomb of Anne, late Queen of England, buried within the said church,

as for the removal of a tomb near the said queen ; also for painting the said tomb so removed, and for the picture of a certain image portrayed in the similitude of a king in the choir of the church.

But what makes the painting doubly interesting from the point of view of this chapter is that in it Richard is shown seated on a representation of the Coronation Chair.

Richard apparently held Edward the Confessor in great veneration, and his favourite oath was "By St. Edward." When he was in England he entrusted a ring of his to the saint's shrine.

Let us now return to the Stone of Destiny, or the Prophetic Stone as it is variously called, which Edward I brought to England from the Abbey of Scone in Scotland after his victory over Baliol at Dunbar.

The history of the stone, according to tradition, is as extraordinary as the mystery that envelops its origin. The tale, handed down through the centuries, relates that, after having served Jacob for a pillow at Bethel, it was carried by his countrymen into Egypt. To that country came Gathelus the Greek, son of Cecrops, the builder and King of Athens. There Gathelus married Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh, but, becoming alarmed at the judgments pronounced against Egypt by Moses, he fled to Spain with his wife, where he built the city of Brigantia. With him he took the Stone of Bethel, but it was carried off by Simon Brek (or Brech), the son of Milo, to Ireland. Moses had foretold that victory should follow the stone, and so it fell out, for Simon Brek reduced the country with his invading army, and reigned there for many years.

The stone was placed on the sacred Hill of Tara, where it became known as *Lia-fail*, the Stone of Destiny, and gave the name *Innis-fail*, or "The Island of Destiny," to the kingdom. On it the kings of Ireland were placed, and tradition asserts that the *Lia-fail* had the magical property of uttering a human cry when touched by the rightful King of Erin.

But Scotland next lays claim to the stone, for Fergus, the founder of the Scottish monarchy, bore it across the sea to Dunstaffnage, and in the castle of that name a hole is still shown where it is said to have been placed.

The tale goes on to relate that later on the stone resumed its wanderings, and was taken to the island of Iona. But in A.D. 840 Kenneth II again removed it, this time to Scone, and there he caused it to be enclosed in a chair of wood, "endeavouring to confirm his royal authority by mean and trivial things, almost bordering on superstition itself."

From the reign of Malcolm IV, in 1154, all succeeding kings of Scotland were inaugurated on the Stone of Destiny until the time of John Baliol, and Scone became the *Sedes principalis* of Scotland. Hence Perth, not Edinburgh, became for many years the capital of Scotland.

Edward I is said to have been crowned on the stone as King of Scotland before he carried it back to England. He procured a Bill from the Pope to raze the Abbey of Scone to the ground, but this was prevented from being put into execution by his death near Carlisle in 1307.

The anguish of the Scots at losing their sacred stone was great indeed, and they cherished the hope of recovering it for many years. They all but obtained their wish, as has been before related, in the reign of

Edward III, but London would by no means consent to give it up, and the negotiations came to nothing. So there under the seat of the Coronation Chair it still remains, cracked and battered, with an iron ring fixed to it at each end for ease in lifting.

As regards the chair itself, there was once the painted representation of a king on the back, possibly of Edward I or the Confessor, his feet resting on a lion. The remainder of the oak-work was covered with a pattern of foliage, a certain amount of which survives, and in some of this foliage are depicted birds of various kinds, such as falcons and redbreasts. Inlays of glass and gilded gesso went to help the ornamentation of this wonderful piece of mediæval craftsmanship, which must have been originally ablaze with gorgeous colours. The lions on which the chair stands are comparatively modern.

The first coronation in Westminster Abbey of which we have any certain record is that of William the Conqueror. That he chose the Abbey for the scene of this most important occasion was undoubtedly due to his desire to be crowned beside the grave of St. Edward, the last hereditary Saxon king, and thus prove to the people that he gained the throne not only by victory but by right.

The day chosen for the ceremony was Christmas Day. William stood, a massive, towering figure, between two prelates, one Norman and one Saxon. In the middle of the coronation rites the crowded populace within the building gave vent to acclamations, as was the custom among Saxon crowds, which unfortunately alarmed the Norman cavalry on guard outside to such a degree that they set fire to the gates of the Abbey.

This in turn terrified the people inside the building, who rushed out, and were trampled down by the horses of their conquerors. Thus, with the shrieks of his new subjects in his ears, William hurried through the remainder of the ceremony in the almost empty church, attended only by the prelates and the monks.

There was a beautiful and symbolic custom connected with every coronation, the creation of knights of the famous order of Knights of the Bath. A candidate had first to be cleansed in a bath, and then to watch his arms during the ensuing night. In the morning he confessed and heard mass, to be followed by the new king conferring knighthood on him.

And so we will pass by successive coronations, some magnificent like those of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth, some simple and shorn of all pomp like that of Henry VII, until we arrive at that of Charles II, which Samuel Pepys has described to us in his inimitable fashion :

About four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the surveyor, with some company he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favour of Mr. Cooper, his man did get up into a great scaffold across the North end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King came in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chaire) and footstoole on the top of it ; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight.

Then the Duke, and the King with a sceptre¹ (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and wand before him, and

¹ Pepys refers to St. Edward's Staff.

the crowne too. The King in his robes, bareheaded, which was very fine.

And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service ; and then in the Quire, at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crowne being put upon his head, a great shout began, and he came forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies : as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishopp ; and his lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crowne) and bishops came and kneeled before him. And three times the King at Armes went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak.

Charles was crowned, as was his brother James II, on St. George's Day, April 23rd.

Horace Walpole has described the Coronation of George III :

'Tis an even more gorgeous sight than I imagined. . . . For the coronation, if a puppet-show could be worth a million, that is. The multitudes, balconies, guards, and processions made Palace Yard the liveliest spectacle in the world : the Hall¹ was the most glorious. The blaze of lights, the richness and variety of habits, the ceremonial, the benches of peers and peeresses, frequent and full, was as awful as a pageant can be : and yet for the King's sake and my own, I never wish to see another.

An incident occurred at this coronation which, if true, is strangely pathetic. For among the crowd in Westminster Hall was a man who, but for his grandfather's obstinacy, would in all likelihood have been crowned King of England upon the Stone of Destiny, and sitting in his rival's place on the throne. That man was Prince Charles Edward, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," now nearing

¹ Westminster Hall.

his fortieth birthday. He came to London as a Mr. Brown, and mingled with the dense throng of people in Westminster, unnoticed and unrecognised. Or almost so, for one gentleman remembered his features, and whispered in his ear "Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here." "It was curiosity that led me," said the Prince; "But I assure you that the person who is the cause of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I envy least."

The fall of the largest jewel from the crown was believed by all who witnessed it an ominous portent, and was said in after years to have foretold the loss of America.

When Pitt resigned, a nation's tears will own,
Then fell the brightest jewel of the crown.

And so we will leave the Stone of Destiny where it rests in the Coronation Chair, encircled by the tombs of England's kings and queens in the chapel of Edward the Confessor, close to that saintly monarch's shrine. By its side, mighty symbols of Plantagenet power and ambition, stand the sword and shield of Edward III, the former seven feet long, "the monumental sword that conquer'd France" mentioned by Dryden.

A feeling sad came o'er me as I trod the sacred ground
Where Tudor and Plantagenets were lying all around :
I stepp'd with noiseless foot, as though the sound of mortal
tread
Might burst the bands of the dreamless sleep that wraps the
mighty dead.

Ingoldsby Legends.

XV

LINCOLN'S INN

THE land whereon Lincoln's Inn, one of London's four great Inns of Court, now stands, was owned in the thirteenth century by the Dominicans, or Black Friars. Here on the west side of Chancery Lane the Friars amassed, partly by purchase and partly by tireless begging, a large piece of land between Holborn on the north and the Bishop of Chichester's house and grounds at the farther end of Chancery Lane. But they were grasping and ambitious, their home did not satisfy them, and in the end they moved to new territory within the city wall known to this day as Blackfriars, and their old property was bought by Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln and Salisbury, in 1286.

The Earl of Lincoln seems to have been a man of many parts, for, besides having a reputation for learning and military skill, he also cultivated his gardens and orchards here to such good purpose that they became famous. Affecting a love for the law, he had his house overflowing with students, and it is from this idiosyncrasy of his that the germ of the present great Inn of Court sprang.

Dugdale mentions that Lincoln, "being a person well affected to the study of the law, assigned the professors of them this residence," but adds that "direct proof thereof, from good authority, I have not as yet seen any."

The modern Lincoln's Inn occupies a stretch of land

bounded on the north by Holborn, on the south by Carey Street, its east and west boundaries being formed by Chancery Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields respectively.

The grounds where the house of the Bishops of Chichester stood at the south-west side of Chancery Lane have for many centuries been built over, but a court on the left side of the lane called Chichester Rents still commemorates the fact that they once lived here. It is probable, too, that Chancery Lane derives its name from the same source, for it was originally called Chancellor's Lane, and the last Bishop who lived here was Chancellor of England. Not far from Chichester Rents, on the same side of the lane, stands the gateway of Lincoln's Inn, built in 1518, when Gothic art was in its last phases and the Renaissance had hardly made its tardy appearance in this country, though full of vigour on the Continent. The gate is built of a rich red brick ornamented by darker bricks laid diagonally, and forming diamond-shaped patterns in a similar way to that in which the same material is used at Wolsey's Palace, Hampton Court. In fact, it was in the lifetime of the great cardinal that it was constructed. The gate is massive and imposing-looking, its central archway being flanked by two tower-like blocks of brickwork rising four storeys above the ground-level. It was originally groined under the archway, but this has since been destroyed. On the front can still be seen, carved in stone, the arms of Henry VIII, encircled with the garter, and a crosier overhead. Flanking the Royal arms are, on the left or sinister side, the arms of Sir Thomas Lovell, who built the gate, and on the right or dexter side those of the Earl of Lincoln. The bricks, as is the case with

other old buildings in the Inn, were baked near at hand in the Coneygarth, or what was formerly part of the Bishop of Chichester's gardens. Altogether a very fine specimen of a Tudor gateway, in spite of the fact that its original windows have been replaced by ones of eighteenth-century character. It is said that Ben Jonson worked here as a bricklayer upon the gate, a trowel in one hand and a Horace in the other. According to Fuller, "some gentlemen, pitying that his parts should be buried under the rubbish of so mean a calling, did of their bounty manumize him freely to follow his own ingenious inclinations."

Through the archway we come upon a group of sixteenth-century buildings, known variously as Old Square or Old Buildings. Unfortunately some of these were pulled down in 1880 and rebuilt in a pseudo-Gothic style, but the whole of the south side of the square remains intact, and, with its turret staircases, gables, and mellow brickwork, is picturesque in the extreme. The little winding staircases which lead up to offices and chambers are especially quaint, and the oak knobs fixed at intervals on the central newel of one or two of them are amusing reminders of the days of hard drinking, when inhabitants of the Inn found these aids an undoubted boon in their attempts to reach their chambers. Some of the rooms in the latter still retain fine oak Jacobean overmantels. In one of these houses near the entrance gateway lived John Thurloe, secretary to Oliver Cromwell, and there is a tablet commemorating the fact on the outer face of the building in Chancery Lane. Later on he moved across the square, to what was then No. 13 (since demolished), where he died in 1668. It

was in this house that in the reign of William III were found, under a false ceiling, the so-called Thurloe State Papers, hidden away because of their compromising nature after the Restoration.

On the north side of the Old Square is the chapel, and south of it and facing the gateway the old hall, both buildings of interest.

The chapel, reputed to have been designed by Inigo Jones, has undeniable character of its own, being built on arches forming a sort of open crypt underneath. This crypt is beautifully groined in stone and is, like the chapel over it, perpendicular Gothic in detail, with the exception of some not unpleasing pilasters in the Roman Doric manner, which, strangely enough, do not offend in spite of their incongruity. The building dates from 1617, and its curious mixture of Gothic and classical detail is accounted for by the fact that Inigo Jones had just returned from a visit to Italy and was full of enthusiasm for Italian architecture, especially that of Palladio.

The resulting hybrid structure is significant of the approaching final disappearance of the traditional manner of design, to become engulfed in the rising splendour of the Renaissance.

The chapel has been restored and an extra bay added to its length, thereby ruining its original proportions.

It was in this crypt that Pepys went "to walk under the chapel by agreement."

The fine old coloured glass, which was damaged during the Great War by a German bomb that just escaped hitting the building (but blew the windows into the chapel on the north side and out of it on the south),



Lincoln's Inn, Old Buildings

was probably designed by a Fleming, Bernard van Linge. William Prynne the Puritan was buried here, and among its celebrated preachers were Bishop Heber and Thomson, Archbishop of York.

There is some interesting old woodwork in the chapel, and one of the characteristics of the interior is that the choir is placed half-way down the length of the building instead of at the east end, thereby adding greatly to the dignity and musical effectiveness of the service.

The chapel bell was taken by the Earl of Essex at Cadiz in 1596, and presented to the Inn. It still rings the Curfew every evening.

The old hall, dating back to the reign of Henry VII, has suffered even more cruelly than the chapel from restoration and vandalism. The worst indignity it had to suffer was when the exterior was stuccoed over by Bernasconi in 1800. To do this effectively, the walls generally and the beautifully proportioned Tudor bay windows were scored over with the chisel to make the necessary "key" for the stucco, thereby irretrievably damaging the surface of the building. Recently, however, the stucco has been chipped off, and the hall is now under process of reconstruction, the original design being adhered to with praiseworthy care and exactness.

As many of the old facing bricks as was found possible have been retained, but the majority are new. The stonework has all had to be replaced. Inside, the plaster ceiling is done away with, exposing the original oak roof.

When the work is finished Lincoln's Inn will again have its hall looking as near as possible the same as it did when built, towards the close of the sixteenth century.

Its position is the usual one facing the gateway, and these two buildings, together with the remains of Old Square, form a valuable and picturesque group of Tudor courtyard architecture.

On the site of the Coneygarth, where the beautiful bricks that went to make the gateway, hall, and other buildings were made, now stands New Square, spacious and retaining an old-world dignity. It was originally called Searle's Court, from a Bencher of that name who held a lease of it in the seventeenth century. It is surrounded on three sides by well-proportioned brick houses, mostly of Georgian date and some even older, causing the name New Square to sound strangely inappropriate, save that by comparison with Old Square it is certainly "new." In the centre is a beautifully kept lawn, with a lily-pond in the centre, and flower-beds along its borders that in the summer are ablaze with colour. Formerly a sundial stood here on a Corinthian column surrounded by Tritons, and supposed to have been designed by Inigo Jones.

In the garden is a howitzer captured during the Great War, placed here in commemoration of the splendid work done by the Inns of Court Volunteer Training Corps, of whom two thousand were killed and five thousand wounded in that never-to-be forgotten adventure.

At one time during the eighteenth century this square was turned into a fair for the sale of horses, but so much indignation was aroused that the fair was speedily done away with.

There is another old part of the Inn not yet mentioned, and that is Stone Building, designed by Sir Robert

Taylor. It was built in 1780 in an attempt to reconstruct the whole of Lincoln's Inn. This fortunately was in the end abandoned, or we should not still possess the delightful Tudor buildings of Old Square. But Sir Robert Taylor's design is undoubtedly masterly, and, being built in Portland Stone, has weathered as only that material does in the London atmosphere, the silver-grey stones, interspersed with black and glistening white being extremely beautiful.

The Corinthian pilasters add dignity and strength to the composition, and above the well-designed cornice is a peculiarly elegant stone balustrade.

It was in this building that the library was temporarily placed when it was moved in 1787 from a house near the old hall. Here too is the drill-hall of the Inns of Court Volunteers, "The Devil's Own." George III gave the corps the latter *soubriquet*, by which it is still familiarly known. "The Devil's Own," however, are by no means the earliest volunteer association connected with Lincoln's Inn, for even in Queen Elizabeth's reign, when the country was flying to arms at the threat of the Armada, a force was raised here composed of barristers and members of the Inn and its neighbours Gray's Inn and the Temple.

In the Civil War, too, a regiment was organised by the Inns of Court "for the security of the University and City of Oxford," and again in 1745, at the time of Prince Charlie's Scottish Rebellion.

The gardens of Lincoln's Inn are still beautiful, with their sunny, well-kept lawns and herbaceous borders, but are shorn of much of their spaciousness by the building of the new hall and library. They were always

justly celebrated, and are mentioned by Ben Jonson, who talks of

Walks of Lincoln's Inn
Under the elms.

A high brick wall cuts off the gardens from Lincoln's Inn Fields, and this may possibly be alluded to in the distich describing the characteristics of the four Inns of Court :

Gray's Inn for walks, Lincoln's Inn for wall,
The Inner Temple for a garden, and the Middle for a hall.

Philip Hardwick was the architect of the new hall and library. He was undoubtedly a designer of great ability, for, besides this fine group of buildings, he built the classical portions of Euston Station and completed Stone Buildings, which Sir Robert Taylor had left in an unfinished state. Trained in a school that made the study of proportions a *sine quâ non*, Hardwick seems to have found that even in designing a building in the Gothic style these severe rules did not come amiss. At any rate, he was eminently successful in this instance, and of the buildings erected during the Gothic revival there are few which equal his new hall and library of Lincoln's Inn in masterly grouping and general excellence of design. The building has possibly only one fault, but that fault is unfortunately rather detrimental to its beauty. It is built of brickwork of inferior colour and texture, comparing very badly with that used in the older portions of the Inn. It stands on a terrace, and the finely designed flights of steps that lead to the entrance impart an almost dramatic touch to the whole conception.

The building is designed in the late Gothic or Tudor style, with fine groups of moulded chimney-stacks, and a riot of heraldic beasts crouching on pinnacles or astride the parapets. The interior of the hall is gay with stained glass and gilded carving, while over the dais is a fresco by G. F. Watts representing "The Origin of Legislation."

The library of Lincoln's Inn is situated next to the hall, and forms the northern part of Hardwick's building. Its contents include many rare and valuable volumes, including books presented by Ranulph Chomeley in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and Sir Matthew Hale's collection of manuscripts. Literary celebrities who have been at one time or another connected with Lincoln's Inn are not numerous, but Horace Walpole came here as a student in 1731. Sir Thomas More's name stands out among the legal luminaries. He was born in Milk Street, "the brightest star that ever shone in that *via lactea*," as Fuller says. He entered Lincoln's Inn in 1496, and was eventually called to the Bar.

Sir Matthew Hale, the future Lord Chief Justice under Charles II, was also a student here, and is remembered in history, not only for his zeal in promoting the Restoration, but also for having presided over the Court that sat in Clifford's Inn Hall to adjust claims after the Great Fire.

Another famous lawyer was Brougham, created Lord Brougham and Vaux in 1830. His daughter, who died at the early age of eighteen, is buried under the chapel. Perceval and Canning were also Members of the Inn.

To-day Lincoln's Inn is still what it has been for centuries, the peaceful home of lawyers, but in the

adjoining "fields" one can watch the youth of the neighbourhood enjoying lawn tennis, putting, and other games, in striking contrast to the quiet and solemnity that reigns near by.

How different, too, those self-same "fields," the modern Lincoln's Inn Fields, from what they were in the eighteenth century, if we can believe the poet Gay.

Where Lincoln's Inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with venturous step ; there oft is found
The lurking thief who, while the daylight shone
Made the walls echo with his begging tone ;
The crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.

.

Still keep the public streets where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

XVI

A FLEET STREET TAVERN

IF a stranger, making his way from the Strand through the crowded throng on the south side of Fleet Street, should perchance happen to glance up when he has passed the gateways into the Temple, his eye will be gladdened by the sight of a golden chanticleer strutting proudly on a bracket overhead. A brave splash of colour does he make in his drab surroundings, and bears himself with an air as becomes so famous a bird. For, mind you, this is no ordinary barnyard rooster, but the Cock, the sign of one of the most historic of the old taverns of Fleet Street.

Unhappily the Cock, although he struts as proudly as ever, does not any longer mark the doorway to the original tavern. For as recently as 1887 the old Cock Tavern, which stood opposite the first gate of the Temple, was destroyed to make room for the Bank of England branch. This old tavern was founded in 1549, and was one of the few remaining unaltered internally from the days of James I. It boasted of a long low room, sawdusted floor, boxes or settees topped by green curtains, and a carved oak Jacobean chimney-piece.

Long years ago the Cock had many popular neighbours, for nearby used to stand the Devil, the Mitre, and the King's Head, all tavern resorts, also the Rainbow and other well-known coffee-houses beloved of our ancestors.

A long, narrow passage led from Fleet Street to the bar of the old Cock. Inside sat the hostess. Waiters came to her with orders for steaks, chops, port, and stout, which were duly chalked up on the sill of the door. Here Samuel Pepys, who knew and was known at all the Fleet Street taverns, came with Mrs. Knepp, the actress, of whom his wife, "poor wretch," was woefully jealous, on April 23rd, 1668, as stated in his Diary :

Thence by water to the Temple, and thence to the Cocke Alehouse, and drank and eat a lobster, and sang, and mighty merry. So almost night I carried Mrs. Pierce home, and then Knepp and I to the Temple again, and took boat, it being darkish, and to Fox Hall, it being now night. . . .

Two years previously the Cock had been closed owing to the Great Plague and the flight from the City of the lawyers.

The old tavern was frequented by many celebrated men, among others Charles Dickens and Tennyson, the latter immortalising it in his "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue," which begins with the lines :

O plump head waiter at The Cock,
To which I most resort,
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.
Go fetch a pint of port.

Will Waterproof is now but a memory. He was known to all frequenters of the Cock as William, and had, as someone wrote in *The Sportsman's Magazine*, "no thought superior to the Cock stout from the glass. . . . William knew our ways, and Charles was getting into them."

Charles, whose real name was Edward Thorogood, died in 1905, having been head-waiter as the successor of Tennyson's William.

The old tavern was made the scene of a novel by Mark Lemon, and was mentioned by Thackeray in his works. *The Epicure's Almanac* says (1815) :

“ It has the best porter in London, fine poached eggs, and other light things seldom called for before seven or eight in the evening.”

Outside the entrance in Fleet Street stood Temple Bar, designed by Sir Christopher Wren and erected in Charles II's reign. This fine gate, which was on occasion ornamented by the heads and quarters of traitors or rebels, was taken down in 1878 upon the pretext that it blocked up the highway for traffic, and the present ludicrous memorial, surmounted by a griffon, was set up in its place. Temple Bar itself was rebuilt at Theobalds, Waltham Cross, as the entrance to Sir H. B. Meux's grounds, and there it still remains.

It was owing to the demand for increased space for the traffic caused by the erection of the Temple Bar Memorial, as well as to make room for the Bank of England branch, that the old tavern was demolished, and was forced to take refuge in its new home on the other side of Fleet Street.

Happily, although the original tavern has vanished, the new one retains the old straight-backed seats and boxes, which are still in use, also the quaint Jacobean mantelpiece and other old fittings. So even now the tavern maintains its historic atmosphere, and some, at least, of its old associations. In fact, sitting snug and warm on a winter's evening in one of the old “ boxes,” with a pint of porter in shining pewter and a steaming chop in front of one, while the fire blazes cheerily in the grate, the years seem to roll back, and it is difficult to imagine

that this is the twentieth century and not the days of Charles Dickens.

Old Boxes larded with the steam
Of thirty thousand dinners.

A word about the sign. The golden chanticleer that struts outside is not the one that used to decorate the original tavern. *That* bird is kept within the house nowadays, for, sad to relate, he was once stolen. Sacrilegious hands removed him when the old house was pulled down, but he was recovered and placed in honourable retirement. The present sign is modern. Grinling Gibbons is said to have carved the original Cock, but this is doubtful. As to the name of the tavern, it was originally the Cock and Bottle, not, as now, the Cock.

One cannot do better than conclude with the following lines from "*Hudibras Redivivus*," so finely does it express the spirit of Fleet Street in the days when taverns were its pride.

From thence along that tippling street,
Distinguished by the name of Fleet,
Where Tavern signs hang thicker far,
Than Trophies down at Westminster ;
And every Bacchanalian Landlord
Displays his Ensign or his Standard,
Bidding Defiance to each Brother,
As if at Wars with one another.

And so we will leave the Cock, with this parting word of advice to strangers from overseas. You cannot do better than follow the example of Samuel Pepys and sample the good things at the old tavern, where one can still be decorously merry in spite of the fact that singing is never heard in these degenerate days within its walls.

XVII

THE INNER AND MIDDLE TEMPLE

OF the four great Inns of Court that are one of London's most prized possessions there are two that stand side by side, their lawns stretching down to the Thames Embankment on the south side of Fleet Street. They are the Inner and Middle Temple. Though their two ancient gateways rise so near together by the City griffon, and their courtyards and passages join and are seemingly inexplicably mixed up together, leaving a wayfarer sorely puzzled as to where the one begins and the other ends, yet the Inner Temple and the Outer Temple are separate and distinct institutions.

If, however, the before-mentioned wayfarer is in doubt as to which Inn a particular block of buildings or court belongs let him but look about him, and it is odds that he will see carved over some doorway or fashioned in wrought iron the badge or arms of one or other of the societies, thereby solving for him the ownership. Thus the arms of the Middle Temple are a lamb bearing the banner of innocence with the red cross, while the badge of the Inner Temple is a winged horse representing Pegasus, with the motto "*Volat ad astra virtus.*" The horse, by the way, had originally two men upon it instead of wings. The men, becoming worn with the passing of time, were eventually mistaken for wings, and were so carved on restoration. Hence the winged horse. But the lamb and

banner and the horse were formerly badges of the Knights Templars, who were the first owners of the property. The badge of the two men on one horse was intended to indicate their extreme poverty.

Many a famous writer has alluded to these heraldic signs, the lamb and the winged horse, notably Thackeray and Lamb.

Some wit of the town once chalked up the following lines on Inner Temple Gate :

As by the Templar's hold you go,
The horse and lamb display'd
In emblematic figures show
The merits of their trade.
The clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession ;
The lamb sets forth their innocence,
The horse their expedition.
Oh ! Happy Britons ! Happy Isle !
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without guile
And law without delay.

It was not long before a reply was forthcoming :

Deluded men, these holds forgo,
Nor trust such cunning elves ;
These trustful emblems tend to show
The *clients*—not *themselves*.
'Tis all a trick ; these all are shams
By which they mean to trick you :
But have a care—for *you're the lambs*
And they the *wolves* that eat you.
Nor let the thought of " no delay "
To these their courts misguide you ;
'Tis you're the showy horse, and they
The *jockeys* that will ride you.

The Knights Templars, or Red Cross Knights, were one of the three great military orders founded in the twelfth century. At the head of the order was the Grand Master, who usually resided at the Temple in Jerusalem, the headquarters of the order until Saladin captured the Holy City in 1187. The order spread rapidly over Europe, and soon became filled with the flower of knighthood.

The Templars first settled in London in the reign of Henry II, when they occupied land in Chancery Lane near Holborn Bars. Later on, towards the end of the twelfth century, they moved to their new home on the banks of the Thames, where they built a monastery of vast extent. The land they divided arbitrarily into three divisions. The part nearest to the City, which abutted on the precincts of the Carmelites, was, and is still, known as the Inner Temple. Here they built most of their domestic buildings. The most westerly of these was the church, and beyond it lay gardens and orchards, with possibly a gateway into Fleet Street. This was the Middle Temple. But beyond this again was the third division or Outer Temple. This appears to have consisted of a field, outside the city boundaries, which extended to a stream that ran down to the Thames.

In later years the Outer Temple never belonged to the lawyers, but was leased to Walter Stapledon, Bishop of Exeter, when the property was known variously as Stapleton Inn, Exeter Inn, or the Outer Temple. It eventually was sold to the Earl of Essex, Elizabeth's favourite, and thus arose Essex House fronting the Strand, with its great water-gate next the Thames. It was in this house that the unhappy Essex shut himself up

after the failure of his rebellion, where he at last surrendered, to be led away to trial and execution.

Nothing save the water-gate now remains of Essex House. For it, like all the other splendid historic mansions that once lined the Thames banks, has been pulled down, recalling Gay's lines :

Here Arundel's famed structure reared its fame ;
The street alone retains an empty name.

There Essex's stately pile adorned the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers'—now no more.

To return to the Templars ; it is recorded of them that, far from remaining poor, they became rich and arrogant. They apparently increased their prosperity by acting as bankers. The Treasury of these once devout Knights of the Cross was one of the chief features of the house, and was used by Henry III as a safe place to keep his money and jewels. In the end the wealth and power of the Knights Templars, coupled with alleged heresies, proved their undoing. They excited the avarice and jealousy of the authorities, and finally the Pope himself turned against them. From that moment their doom was sealed in every country throughout Europe, and in England the order was abolished in the reign of Edward II. Their possessions were given to the rival order of the Knights of St. John, who held them till the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII. They, however, leased the Temple in the fourteenth century to " divers apprentices of the law " at a rental of £10 a year.

When, in 1540, the order of the Knights of St. John was dissolved the lawyers continued in possession as

tenants of the Crown, until, in the reign of James I, they obtained a new charter granting them the Temple as their property for ever. Thus came into being the two great Inns of Court, the Inner and Middle Temple, within whose precincts have lived many famous men whose names are now household words. Lawyers, statesmen, dramatists, and novelists alike have toiled in the old chambers and walked in the peaceful seclusion of those old Courts on the land where once trod the haughty Knights of the Holy Cross.

The gateways, or gate-houses as they are sometimes called, of the Inner and Middle Temple respectively in Fleet Street stand close to each other, and are both interesting structures. That to the Inner Temple was rebuilt in 1610 by one Bennett, who at the same time rebuilt his house next to it and extended it over the gateway. The large room on the first floor of this house, which by the way is externally very picturesque since its restoration, is well worth seeing, if only for the sake of its splendid plaster ceiling, with its richly ornamented ribs and panels, decorated with armorial bearings and devices. In the centre are the Prince of Wales's feathers, the motto "*Ich Dien*," and the initials "P. H.," standing for Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I. The room was undoubtedly used by the latter as his council chamber for the Duchy of Cornwall. In later years it was converted into a tavern known as the Fountain Tavern, and later still, such were its strange vicissitudes, it became the home of a waxworks show, the forerunner of Madame Tussaud's.

If the gateway to the Inner Temple and its adjoining house can with truth be described as quaint or

picturesque, so that to the Middle Temple can with equal truth be called beautiful. Designed by Sir Christopher Wren and erected in 1684, it is perfect in its proportions and dignified simplicity. Forming at once a noble entrance to the abode of learning and a façade of which Fleet Street may well be proud, it is conceived in the master's happiest manner, and nowhere in London is a finer building to be found of its size.

Returning to the Inner Temple Gateway, let us pass under it and make our way down Inner Temple Lane, at the end of which, on our left, is the only remaining vestige of the once mighty monastery of the Knights Templars—the Temple Church. This building, which one would have thought worthy to be protected from the rude hands of vandals, has nevertheless suffered incredibly in the past from so-called restorations. Escaping by some miracle the great fire of London, it sustained an almost equally grave calamity in 1839, when £70,000 were spent in renewing or re-chiselling practically every stone of the structure, tearing up old gravestones, destroying the beautiful Wren altar-rails and reredos, and other irreplaceable objects of interest. In spite, however, of all this destruction and reconstruction, the Temple Church remains, copy though it is of the ancient building, an intensely interesting and beautiful edifice.

The church is entered by a grand Norman arch, which opens upon the Round Church of the Templars, built by them in 1185 in imitation and memory of that erected over the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary by Heraclius, Patriarch of the Holy Resurrection in Jerusalem, in the presence of Henry II and his Court.

On the pavement of the Round Church lie two groups of recumbent effigies, for long thought to be Knights Templars, but now recognised as those of "Associates" of the Temple—in other words, men who, unwilling to take the vows, were yet desirous of participating in the privileges of the society without entirely giving up the pleasures of the world. These effigies, which by some freakish whim of the restorers were spared from destruction although they have been much mutilated, no longer mark the position of the graves. Some of them are cross-legged, but whether or no that posture indicates a Crusader is still a matter of controversy.

The effect upon the mind of the Round Church, with its endless arcades of narrow Early English transitional arches sweeping grandly round the curved walls, is solemn in the extreme, and from it we look between graceful Purbeck columns into the later but very beautiful structure, consecrated on Ascension Day 1240. This consists of a nave and two aisles, lighted by lancet windows of severe but fine design. The roof is vaulted, and springs from Purbeck marble columns of great elegance and delicacy.

The organ is interesting for having been chosen as the better of two instruments, one by Father Smith and the other by Harris, erected temporarily within the church, by the notorious Judge Jeffreys of the Inner Temple. The one chosen was that made by Father Smith.

Opening from the stairs that lead to the triforium of the Round Church is a penitential cell, four feet six inches long by two feet six inches wide, with slits in the masonry towards the altar through which a prisoner could hear mass. The cell is so constructed that a grown

man would find it impossible to lie down. It was here that the unhappy Walter le Bachelier, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, was imprisoned for disobedience to the Master of the Templars, and died from the effects of his punishment.

Addison says of this prison : " In this miserable cell were confined the refractory and disobedient brethren of the Temple and those who were enjoined severe penance with solitary confinement."

The two Inns of Court equitably divide the Temple Church between them, for they boast of no other chapels but this. The lamb and the winged horse are here seen on the same prayer-book. The choir at one time was divided between the two societies, the south side being assigned to the Inner Temple and the north to the Middle, but this custom has long been given up.

On the north side of the church remains a small fragment of the old Temple Cemetery. Here is buried that great-hearted man who was beloved in his lifetime, and whose memory and works still retain the affection and admiration of the world, Oliver Goldsmith, the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. A simple slab of stone marks the spot near which he was laid to rest, for the exact position of his grave was forgotten, and when this modern monument was erected there was found no indication to show where he lay. The stone is inscribed " Here lies Oliver Goldsmith."

The poet breathed his last in the old brick buildings near by, known as Brick Court, where he had his rooms. He lived at No. 2, immediately over those occupied by Sir William Blackstone, who, hard at work as he was on his famous *Commentaries*, complained bitterly of the

constant racket made by his cheery neighbour. When news came to the outside world of Goldsmith's death Reynolds threw away his pencil for the day and Burke burst into tears. Johnson, who felt the blow deeply, wrote of it to his friend Boswell, and mentioned in his letter that Sir Joshua thought he owed about £2,000, adding "Was ever poet so trusted before." Goldsmith's body was carried to its last resting-place through a crowd of weeping women and men—the poor on whom he had spent his scanty savings. Thackeray, in his *English Humorists*, says: "I have been many a time in the chambers in the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase which Johnson and Burke and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door."

Not far from Brick Court, and on the right of Middle Temple Lane, is Fountain Court, perhaps the most beautiful spot in the whole of the Temple precincts. Dull indeed must be the mind that sees unmoved this enchanting courtyard, with the noble Middle Temple Hall, the dignified old brick buildings, the splashing fountain, and the green lawns, gay with flowers, that sweep down to the river from the terrace.

Beauty here joins hands with peace in a way seldom found in London. So too thought Dickens when he immortalised it in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. It was here John Westlock met Ruth Pinch. "Brilliantly the Temple fountain sparkled in the sun, and laughingly its liquid music played, and merrily the idle drops of water danced and danced, and, peeping out in sport among the

trees, plunged lightly down to hide themselves, as little Ruth and her companion came towards it."

In the Middle Temple Hall, which contains a magnificent Elizabethan hammerbeam roof and a fine Renaissance oak screen, was performed Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night or What you Will* soon after its production in 1602. Below the dais is a serving-table made from the timbers of Drake's ship, the *Golden Hind*. It was in the Temple Gardens that Shakespeare makes the champions of the Houses of York and Lancaster pluck the red and white roses as their respective badges in angry defiance.

This brawl to-day
Grown to this faction in the Temple Gardens,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Henry VI., Part 1, Act 2, Scene iv.

Here in these gardens one can picture the "grand dames" of the eighteenth century, accompanied by their gallants, taking the air with measured tread.

Possibly the most delightful spot in the Inner Temple is King's Bench Walk, that great sunny square, with its rows of trees and stately, well-proportioned buildings designed by Wren. The latter are worthy of careful study, especially the brick doorways. Looking at these houses, one is amazed at the fine effect produced by such simple means. Apart from the aforementioned doorways, Wren depended on perfect proportion, good materials and colour in these simple but beautiful houses. And on one thing more—refinement of detail, even to the extent of causing the walls to be erected with, in architectural parlance, a slight entasis. In other words, the

brickwork was built with a hardly perceptible curve from its base to the cornice, thus giving the buildings an *apparent* strength and vigour they would not otherwise seem to possess.

It is impossible, owing to lack of space, to describe or even mention the many other features of interest in the Inner and Middle Temple. Pump Court, the delightful cloisters, Crown Office Row, where Charles Lamb was born and lived many years, these and many other things of note must be passed over unwillingly.

And so we will leave the two Inns of Court :

Those bricky towers,
The which on Themmes brode aged back doe ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilome went the Temple Knights to bide,
Till they decayed through pride.

—*Spencer.*

XVIII

A TUDOR CHAPEL AT WESTMINSTER

IN this chapel, that of Henry VII, which we owe to the ambition of the first of our Tudor Kings, we see the culminating effort of mediæval art blaze forth in all its romantic splendour and consummate craftsmanship to form a whole unsurpassed in beauty by any other late Gothic structure in the land. As if conscious of the impending and irresistible flood of the Italian Renaissance, that was even then beating upon the shores of their island home, the master masons and craftsmen vied with one another, and, inspired by the sunset glory of a dying art, evolved a building of almost overpowering excellence and cleverness. The Gothic tradition had reached its splendid climax, and nowhere else can this fact be better exemplified than here, for hardly had the chapel been finished than in it was erected the superb tomb of Henry VII and his Queen, the work of Pietro Torregiano, the Italian sculptor, which in general conception and detail is classic, and proclaims in no uncertain manner the coming of the Renaissance.

But the native tradition did not entirely disappear, for many years surviving as the so-called Tudor style side by side with this new art from Italy, and appearing with it in many examples in the same building, or even on the same detail, such as a pilaster or capital. The spirit of the old world and the new in friendly combat gave rise

eventually to those strangely bizarre structures known to us as the Elizabethan and Jacobean styles of architecture.

Henry VII, when he first conceived the idea of building a chapel at Westminster, intended it to receive the remains of his saintly uncle, King Henry VI. A license was granted by Pope Julius II for the removal of the body from Windsor to the Abbey, but the "translation" was never carried out. The new building was hurried on, but it was destined to become not the Chapel of Henry VI, but that of the son of Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and Margaret, his wife. The truth was that Henry was loath to part with the money necessary for so costly an undertaking as the removal of the remains, and as he became firmly seated on his throne his mind became obsessed with the idea of making his new chapel the sepulchre of the kings of the new dynasty which he and his queen had inaugurated, combining in their persons, he as a Lancastrian and she as a Yorkist, the two rival factions of the realm.

Henry VI was never carried to Westminster, nor was he canonised, as was at one time hoped, but his body remains to this day at Windsor.

Dean Stanley points out :

It was to be Henry VII's chantry as well as his tomb, for he was determined not to be behind the Lancastrian princes in devotion ; and this unusual anxiety for the sake of a soul not too heavenward in its affections expended itself in the immense apparatus of services which he provided. Almost a second Abbey was needed to contain the new establishment of monks who were to sing in their stalls "as long as the world shall endure." Almost a second shrine, surrounded by its blazing tapers, and shining like gold with its glittering bronze, was to contain his remains.

The chapel was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, for whom Henry had a particular devotion, and upon the magnificent bronze gates at the entrance to the nave is to be seen in many of the panels the graceful symbol of the York and Lancaster roses, entwined together and united by the royal crown.

The exterior of the chapel was entirely recased in new stone about a hundred years ago, in spite of the fact that much of the masonry was in a perfect state of preservation and the work of replacing it quite unnecessary. Wyatt the architect, famous for his ruthless restorations, was in charge of the structure at that period, and the result was disastrous. As William Morris once said, "Mr. Wyatt managed to take all the romance out of the exterior of this most romantic work of the late Middle Ages." It is therefore a copy of itself, but, though shorn of much of its magnificence, is even now a miracle of grace and intricate detail. The flying buttresses are especially noteworthy, being possibly the only ones in England to vie in highly decorative treatment with the superb examples so commonly met with in France. The ones at Henry VII's Chapel are not only beautiful, but constructionally satisfying, each one being formed by three arches, the top one inverted with the object of arresting the tendency of the buttress to rise at its haunches. The space between the two lower arches is filled in with pierced masonry of beautiful and intricate design.

The interior of the chapel has been fortunate, in that it has suffered little from the heavy hand of the restorer, and is little altered since the time of its building. The approach to it is unequalled in grandeur and solemnity

by anything else of a similar nature in England. Beneath the chantry of Henry V, poised aloft miraculously like an enchanted bridge upon its two open-work staircases, one stands in dim twilight, while surging upwards beyond us sweeps a noble flight of steps, at the summit of which the golden beams kiss that fair jewel of English mediæval art, the chapel which the first of our Tudor Kings dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

Washington Irving well describes in a few words this surpassingly beautiful interior :

The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labour of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

The fan-tracery vault is indeed a *tour-de-force*, and is so exquisitely and delicately fashioned that one is left gasping with admiration at the consummate skill and ingenuity of its builders. The gossamer-like lightness of the stonework is only comparable to lace-work, suspended over our heads and wafted thither by the magic art of genius. Intricate geometric patterns of Gothic inspiration and deeply undercut, rise and fall in soft, billowy curves, letting fall at intervals slender pendants that hang quivering like spears of foam.

There are no plain surfaces on which to rest the eye in this vault, or indeed any of the wall-surfaces of the chapel, but, strangely enough, this elaborate scheme of panelled decoration does not tire or become monotonous, for by this very insistence of the patterns they form a sort

of texture, while necessary relief is given by the different degrees of richness of the ornamentation and the depth of the shadows.

The vault itself is a thin shell of panels, three and a half inches thick, and, unlike the usual method of constructing mediæval stone roofs, there are no constructional ribs. It is executed in fans and tranverse arches, the latter passing through the vault so that their upper portions are invisible. Circular conoids spring from the pendants that hang suspended from these arches, the pendants themselves seem to float unsupported in the air, and are immaterial to the construction of the vault.

The windows are huge and run high up into the roof, their size being made larger than is customarily possible by springing the vault-filling higher up than usual. Of the original stained glass that once filled these windows with glowing and brilliant colour little now remains. Some precious fragments, however, still cling among the tracery at the heads of the various lights, especially in the case of the great west window. The glazing to these windows is mentioned in Henry's will : " We will that . . . the windows be glazed with stories, images, arms, badges, and cognoissaunts as is by us ready devised and in picture delivered to the Prior of St. Bartholomew, master of the works of the said chapel." This Prior was Prior Bolton, who erected the oriel named after him in St. Bartholomew the Great.

The statues that still look down upon us from the walls are in a good state of preservation, and are worthy in every way of the building they adorn. They are nearly one hundred in number, and form one of the largest collections of mediæval figure sculpture in the kingdom.

Some few were retained from the older Lady chapel when it was pulled down to make way for the new structure, but the majority were made specially for Henry VII. Christ, the Virgin Mary, angels, prophets, apostles, and popular saints look down upon his tomb, "to whose singular mediation and prayer he trusted," sculptured tier above tier on every side. Among the statues are included the royal saints of Britain: St. Edward, St. Edmund, St. Oswald, and St. Margaret of Scotland.

Below the banners of the Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Bath, which add a gay touch of pageantry and splendour to the scene, are the finely carved stalls, which, though showing German influence in their design, exhibit all the wonderful resources of the wood-carver's art. The misereres are quaint and spirited in execution, among them being one of the Judgment of Solomon.

But possibly the metal-work in the chapel is, after the vaulting, its greatest glory, and there is certainly nothing comparable to it for beauty in England. At the very entrance we come upon the series of three pairs of gates already referred to. The gates are framed in oak completely covered with bronze-work secured to the wood with bolts, the heads of which are fashioned in the form of a Tudor rose. The panels are of pierced bronze, each one beautifully designed and representing the favourite badges of the royal founder, including the portcullis and crown, the three lions of England, the crown encircled with daisies (in allusion to his mother, Margaret), the dragon of Cadwallader (showing the descent of Owen Tudor from that British King), the royal initials H. R.,

and, as already mentioned, the roses of York and Lancaster united with the crown.

But finer even than these gates is the extraordinarily beautiful screen of brass that guards the recumbent effigies of Henry VII and his Queen in the centre of the nave near the east end of the chapel, forming, in the words of Bacon, "One of the stateliest and daintiest monuments of Europe." The screen forms a little chantry chapel round the tombs, and is of openwork traceries and parapets, with projections at the corners somewhat resembling miniature turrets. The whole is embellished with badges of greyhounds and dragons, inscriptions, and little statues or images. Some of the latter are missing, but the ones still remaining are well modelled, more especially that of St. George and the Dragon. To quote Dean Stanley again, round Henry's tomb "stand his accustomed Avours or guardian saints to whom 'he calls and cries' . . . each with their peculiar emblems 'so to aid, succour, and defend him, that the ancient and ghostly enemy, nor none other evil or damnable spirit, have no power to invade him, nor with their wickedness to annoy him, but with holy prayers to be intercessors for him to his Maker and Redeemer.'¹ These were the adjurations of the last mediæval King, as the chapel was the climax of the latest mediæval architecture."

From all four sides of the screen project curved brackets, each supporting a crown, symbolical of that one taken by right of conquest from Richard III at Bosworth Field.

And here, within this splendid screen, this gem of

¹ Will of Henry VII.

English craftsmanship that touches the high-water mark of perfection, lie those two noble monuments of Henry and his Queen, Elizabeth of York, on an altar-tomb, the work of Torregiano the Florentine. The bodies were placed in the vault specially constructed for that purpose beneath the monument, not, as is usually the case, in the altar-tomb.

Henry died at his palace at Old Sheen, which he had named Richmond, after himself. From there the funeral procession came to St. Paul's, and thence to Westminster, where, after elaborate obsequies, "the black velvet coffin, marked by a white satin cross from end to end" was lowered into the vault by the side of his Queen, who had died six years previously. The Archbishops, Bishops, and Abbots struck their crosiers on the coffin, exclaiming at the same time the word "*Absolvimus.*" This done, earth was cast in by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the vault closed. The heralds stripped off their tabards, and hung them on the rails of the hearse, exclaiming in French, "The noble King Henry VII is dead"; they immediately put them on again and shouted, "Vive the noble Roi Henry VIII" (*Leyland*, Part ii.). -

Lord Bacon, in his *Henry VII*, observes, "So that he dwelleth more richly dead, in the monument of his tomb, than he did alive in Richmond or any of his palaces. I could wish that he did the like in the monument of his fame."

Henry's Queen, Elizabeth of York, died at the Tower in giving birth to a child who survived her but a short time. Her pathetic end, and the fact that the gorgeous chapel which was eventually her final resting-place had

then hardly been commenced, was referred to by More in his "Elegy on Elizabeth of York" :

Adieu, sweetheart ! my little daughter late
Thou shalt, sweet babe, such is thy destiny,
Thy mother never know ; for here I lie.

.

At Westminster, that costly work of yours,
My own dear Lord, I now shall never see.

The magnificence of her funeral was regarded by the nation as proof of Henry's devotion. She died at the early age of twenty-seven.

Torregiano's effigies, although Renaissance in feeling in their lifelike and natural pose, yet made a concession to English tradition in that they are placed upon an altar-tomb uncovered by a canopy. The modelling of the features is superb, and in that of Henry he lives again for us as he was described to the next generation by those who actually knew him. "Scanty hair and keen gray eyes," according to Grafton. "His countenance reverend and a little like a churchman ; as it was not strange or dark, so neither was it winning or pleasing, but as the face of one well disposed," as Bacon describes him.

The two figures, wrapped in flowing mantles exquisitely rendered, are beautiful in their simplicity and in a wonderfully perfect condition, but the crowns that once reposed on the heads of Henry and his Queen are unfortunately missing.

On the altar-tomb itself, at its corners, are placed amorini, or child angels, a favourite feature in Italian Renaissance work, but an innovation in England at that period. They are graceful little figures, but are, like the

delightful medallions on the sides of the tomb surrounded by wreaths of fruit and flowers, entirely foreign to English tradition, and unlike anything that a Gothic craftsman could ever have designed. So, too, are the flat angle-pilasters, which, with the various mouldings that go to comprise the cornice frieze and architrave, etc., are classic in its purest form. But here and there upon the monument are details that betray an undoubted Gothic touch, as, for example, the coat-of-arms at the end, indicating that here, very possibly, Torregiano employed an English assistant.

In the south aisle of the chapel is another beautiful work of this Italian sculptor, the tomb of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. She was the great-granddaughter of John of Gaunt, "allied by blood or affinity to thirty kings and queens." It was said of this great and good woman by Bishop Fisher (her chaplain) how "Everyone that knew her loved her, and everything that she said or did became her." She was the foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges, Cambridge. The last of the mediæval princesses, she yet encouraged the New Learning, and placed Caxton, as he worked at his printing-press, under her especial protection.

Her effigy is nobly simple, and the aged features are undoubtedly modelled from nature. Her hands are raised in prayer, and "no such wonderful hands have ever been modelled as that lean, old, wrinkled, withered pair."

In this tomb it is evident that Torregiano was helped in his work by English craftsmen, for although much of the detail is classic and obviously the conception of the

great Florentine sculptor, yet the mouldings and recumbent canopy are Gothic. The altar-tomb, in spite of this incongruous mixture of two styles, or possibly because of it, is undeniably one of the most beautiful and inspiring monuments in existence. In fact, it is a wonderful example of what was so soon to happen all over England, for, as Sir Reginald Blomfield has so ably put it, "Again and again the spirit of the old world and the new assert themselves side by side in the work of this time, at first without conflict and yet without fusion, much in the manner of two different types of beauty, each setting off the other, unlike but yet in harmony."

Of Torregiano, the sculptor of these remarkable tombs, all the world knows how, in a fit of ungovernable temper, he smote his rival, Michael Angelo, "breaking the cartilage of his enemy's nose as if it had been paste." His temper in the end drove him to seek work in a foreign country, and he eventually became employed in England by Henry VIII, who commissioned him to carve the three tombs above described. He was evidently a born fighter, for when at last he returned to his native Florence he boasted volubly to his friends of his pugilistic feats against the "bears of Englishmen."

There are two other remarkable monuments to sovereigns in the chapel, both of them queens, one of England and one of Scotland. In the north aisle is that of Queen Elizabeth. She lies beneath a stone canopy supported by Corinthian columns, that great Queen who was "one day greater than a man, the next less than a woman." In the same tomb is buried her sister Mary, and here therefore the enmity between the two sisters was ended in a common grave.

The other royal monument is that of Mary Queen of Scots. It stands in the south aisle near the altar-tomb of Margaret Beaufort, and not far from that of Margaret Lennox, the mother of Darnley. Mary Stuart was, after her execution at Fotheringay, buried in Peterborough Cathedral, but was brought here by her son James I, who was anxious that "like honour might be done to the body of his dearest mother, and the like monument be extant of her, that had been done to his dear sister, the late Queen Elizabeth." She is represented in the effigy as having small and beautiful features, while at her feet, as if on guard, is the crowned lion of Scotland.

She shall be a world's wonder to all time,
A deadly glory watched of marvelling men,
Not without praise, not without noble tears,
And if without what she would never have
Who had it never, pity—yet from none
Quite without reverence and some kind of love
For that which was so royal.

Swinburne.

One had almost forgotten to mention, so unobtrusive is his little monument, that Edward V lies buried with his brother, Richard Duke of York, at the extreme end of the north aisle. The unfortunate brothers (they were children, twelve and eight years old respectively) were assassinated in the so-called Bloody Tower in the Tower of London at the instigation of Richard III. In Charles II's reign their bones were discovered at the foot of the staircase of the White Tower, and were re-interred here in 1674.

There are other monarchs buried in Henry VII's Chapel, but to none of them were erected monuments.

They include William III and Mary, Anne, and Charles II in the south aisle, and George II, Queen Caroline, and James I in the nave, the latter sharing the same vault with Elizabeth of York and the founder of the building, Henry VII. And in the easternmost chapel of the *chevet* was interred Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector, only to be exhumed after the Restoration and hung, in company with Bradshaw and Ireton, at Tyburn. Finally, in front of the glorious chantry-chapel of his grandfather lies the remains of the boy King, Edward VI. The beautiful altar (also by Torregiano) that stood here and served him as a memorial was wantonly destroyed by Puritan soldiers during the Civil Wars. Paradoxically enough, he was the only Puritan King who ever sat on the English throne.

That godly and royal child, King Edward the Sixth, the flower of the Tudor name—the young flower that was untimely cropped as it began to fill our land with its early odours—the boy-patron of boys—the serious and holy child who walked with Cranmer and Ridley—fit associate, in those tender years, for the bishops and future martyrs of our Church, to receive, or (as occasion sometimes proved) to give instructions (*Charles Lamb*).

XIX

“OUR OWN CHURCH”

“IN the morn to our own church, where Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer by saying ‘Glory be to the Father, &c.,’ after he had read the two psalms : but the people had been so little used to it, that they could not tell what to answer. . . . My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch.”

So wrote Samuel Pepys in his Diary on November 4th (“Lord’s Day”), 1660. And if we scan his delightful pages, be it ever so carelessly, we will find the endearing term “our own church” cropping up at intervals week by week, often coupled with “Mr. Mills” and “My wife,” though the latter is not by any means invariably referred to in such flattering terms as in the complimentary entry above quoted.

A word of explanation may here be necessary, and this, let us hasten to add, does not apply to Londoners or Americans, lest the writer be considered presumptuous ! “Our own church,” then, is St. Olave’s, Hart Street, the parish church of Mr. Samuel Pepys, where, on the “Lord’s Day,” he more or less regularly attended divine service, coming thither from his house, a stone’s-throw away, in Seething Lane. “Mr. Mills” was Daniel Mills, D.D., for thirty-two years rector of St. Olave’s, and buried there October 1689, aged sixty-three

Pepys, by the way, did not spare this reverend gentleman, fond of him though he undoubtedly was, and occasionally criticised him in a kindly manner. "My wife," of course, refers to the "poor wretch" so often mentioned in his Diary. She was the daughter of Alexander Marchant, *Sieur de St. Michel*, a Huguenot belonging to an ancient Anjou family, who had come to England, married, and settled down.

It is due, then, to the immortal diarist Samuel Pepys that St. Olave's, Hart Street, owes a great part of its fame. Indeed there is scarce another building in the whole of London that has gained so much through the vivid personality of one of its citizens as has this quaint old City church, standing beneath the shadow of the gigantic mass of the Port of London Authority building. Not that it has no claim to our interest and respect apart from this, as in its simple, homely fashion the edifice has a beauty of its own due partly to its age and partly to the intrinsic merit of its architecture. But above all is it noteworthy as being one of the eight churches that escaped the Fire of London, the others being All Hallows Barking, St. Andrew Undershaft, St. Bartholomew the Great, St. Ethelburga's, St. Giles' Cripplegate, St. Helen's, and St. Katherine Cree.

St. Olave's is situated at the corner of Hart Street and Seething Lane, and in the latter street is the picturesque if somewhat gruesome gateway leading to the churchyard. It is of severe classical design, blackened with the soot and dirt of centuries, and is decorated (?) with stone skulls and murderous-looking iron spikes, two of which latter have skulls impaled thereon, a terrible reminder of what was once a common sight in the neighbourhood,



St. Olave, Hart Street

or, to state it in a plainer fashion, stakes garnished with human heads grinning on the passer-by from London Bridge or Temple Bar. The sculptor of these ghoulis things was doubtless familiar with such horrid trophies, but it is averred that the reason for the presence of the skulls in this case was that the churchyard was utilised for the burial of unhappy parishioners who died of the plague. This fact is mentioned by Pepys in his Diary, not without some show of very excusable perturbation. He writes (January 30th, 1666) :

Home, finding the towne, keeping the day solemnly, it being the day of the King's murther, and they being at church, I presently into the church. . . . This is the first time I have been in this church since I left London for the plague, and it frighted me indeed to go through the church more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyards, where people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while.

One feels no wonder at his nervousness when it is remembered that, according to the parish register, a total of no less than three hundred and twenty-six victims of the fell disease were buried in the churchyard and the sacred edificē ! But next day (the 31st) he writes in more cheerful vein : “ To White Hall . . . to my great joy, people begin to bustle up and down there, the King holding his resolution to be in towne to-morrow, and hath good encouragement, blessed be God ! to do so, the plague being decreased this week to 56, and the total to 227.”

Not many months after the above entry occurred that appalling cataclysm known as the Great Fire, which started not far off from St. Olave's, in Pudding Lane.

Pepys was terrified as to the safety of his home in Seething Lane and the adjoining Navy Office, where he held the position of Clerk of the Acts, but the street escaped, as did also his beloved Parish church. On September 5th he records his satisfaction at this piece of good fortune :

Home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fyre, and there find greater hopes than I expected ; for my confidence of finding our office on fire was such, that I durst not ask any body how it was with us, till I come and saw it not burned. But, going to the fire, I find by the blowing up of houses . . . there is a good stop given to it, as well as at Markelane end as ours. . . . I up to the top of Barking Steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw ; every where great fires, oyle-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning.

Barking Steeple is, of course, the tower of All Hallows, Barking, the grand old church at the bottom of Seething Lane which also happily escaped destruction, the fire only “ having burned the dyall and part of the porch, and was there quenched.”

Pepys's old home and the Navy Office, by the way, have been long ago pulled down.

To return to the gateway leading into St. Olave's churchyard, this was mentioned by Dickens in *The Uncommercial Traveller* :

One of my best beloved churchyards I call the churchyard of St. Ghastly Grim. . . . It lies at the heart of the city, and the Blackwell Railway shrieks at it daily. It is a small, small churchyard, with a ferocious strong spiked iron gate, like a gaol. This gate is ornamented with skulls and cross-bones, larger than life . . . which grin aloft horribly, thrust through and through with iron spears.

From Seething Lane a good view is obtained of the exterior of the church, with its perpendicular windows, and also of the sturdy tower built partly of masonry and partly of brick, a queer old relic of mediæval London.

St. Olave's derives its unusual name from a Norwegian saint, after whom it is dedicated. This man, Olaf, came to England and fought under Ethelred against the Danes. He was later on made King of Norway, and, becoming a Christian, infuriated his subjects by his ceaseless endeavours to convert them to Christianity. They invited Canute over to supplant him, and Olaf was slain near Drontheim, later on, to be canonised. Several other churches were dedicated to him in England, including two more in London which have since been destroyed.

His father was that King Olaf of whom Longfellow has sung.

The interior of the church is, if not exactly beautiful, exceedingly picturesque. One's first impression of it, on coming in from the sunlit street, is of a jumble of old monuments peering out from dim and obscure corners, old ironwork, brasses, and carved oak crowding every available space, and above all, the spirit of old London that broods over the whole so powerfully as to make its presence felt throughout the structure. And this in spite of restoration, the loss of the old pews, and the ugly modern tile flooring. The effect of overcrowding is possibly due to two causes, the smallness of the building, and the fact that when the neighbouring church of All Hallows, Staining, was demolished, sixteen of its monuments were removed to St. Olave's together with some interesting wood carvings, where they were re-erected.

The fifteenth-century tower of All Hallows, Staining,

by the way, still exists, and can be found by the venture-some if they care to penetrate a narrow passage known as Star Alley on the west side of Mark Lane. Emerging from this dark entry, one comes suddenly, and so unexpectedly that it all but takes one's breath away, on a little green square surrounded by lofty office buildings. And plumb in the middle of this pleasant oasis rises stark and defiantly a grim old tower, looking like nothing so much as a mediæval dignitary who, having been cast through magic spell into an age-long sleep, has revived to find himself hemmed in and imprisoned by twentieth-century monsters.

The land surrounding the tower was originally the churchyard, and it is said that many tombs are hidden by the turf. The church itself was pulled down in 1870. It was not of great interest, but is noteworthy as the building where Sir Cloudesley Shovel was married to Lady Narbrough in 1691. Adjoining, in Mincing Lane, stands the Hall of the Clothworkers' Company, who own the "Pepys Cup," presented by Samuel Pepys, himself a member of the company.

After this short digression, let us now return to St. Olave's and its fifteenth-century interior. In plan it forms almost a square, and consists of nave and two aisles divided by clustered columns of Purbeck marble. Over the nave is a fine old oak roof of low pitch, studded over with vigorously carved, gilded bosses. The church was thoroughly repaired by the parishioners in the seventeenth century, and again in 1863.

By far the most interesting personality that lies buried here—but who lacked a monument, strange to say, until as recently as 1883—is Samuel Pepys, who in 1703 was

buried near his wife and brother in his “ own church ” at the age of seventy-one.

His brother Tom, whom he often mentioned in his Diary, died in 1664, and was laid to rest in the nave “ just under my mother’s pew.” Poor Tom ! He seems to have been off his head at the last, for we find this entry the day before he died : “ To my brother’s. . . . The doctors give him over, and so do all that see him. He talks no sense two words together now ; and I confess it made me weep to see that he should not be able, when I asked him, to say who I was.”

Pepys himself has now a fine modern monument erected to his memory on the wall of the south aisle. The position was chosen because in the old days there used to be near this spot a small gallery reserved for the Navy Office, and it was in this gallery that Pepys invariably sat during service. A well-executed medallion of the fascinating Diarist is the most noteworthy feature of the monument, and under it can be read if the light is good, which, be it stated, is seldom :

Samuel Pepys
born Febry. 23, 1632
died May 26, 1703

On the lower half are his family arms. It was erected by public subscription in 1883, and was designed by Sir A. Blomfield. The ceremony of unveiling was performed by the late James Russell Lowell, the American Minister.

High up on the north wall of the nave near the altar is the white marble bust of Mrs. Pepys, the Diarist’s beautiful but jealous wife. She is represented glancing

coquettishly in the direction of the gallery mentioned above, in which used to sit the naval officers in those far-off days.

It was in this gallery that on June 6, 1666, her husband caused a stir indeed :

To our own church, it being the common Fast-day, and it was just before sermon ; but, Lord ! how all the people in the church stared upon me, to see me whisper¹ to Sir John Minnes and my Lady Pen. Anon I saw people stirring and whispering below, and by and by comes up the sexton from my Lady Ford to tell me the newes (which I had brought), being now sent into the church by Sir W. Batten in writing, and handed from pew to pew.

The Sir John Minnes (or Mennis) mentioned in the above passage is also buried in St. Olave's. He was a noted traveller and seaman, and was in the Navy Office during the reign of Charles I, by whom he was knighted. At the Restoration he was made Governor of Dover Castle, and subsequently Comptroller of the Navy. He was Vice-Admiral of the fleet that escorted Catherine of Braganza to England, and is described by a contemporary as being well skilled in “ physick and chemistry.” Minnes was also by way of being a poet, and was the author of the well-known couplet

He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.

His monument, of black and white marble, is on the south side of the chancel.

Minnes went on one festive occasion with Pepys and two companions to the famous Bartholomew Fair, where they saw “ the dancing mare again, which, to-day, I find

¹ The news of the victory over the Dutch.

to act much worse than the other day, she forgetting many things, which her master beat her for, and was mightily vexed ; and then the dancing of the ropes, and also the little stage play, which is very ridiculous.” But Pepys, we may be sure, thoroughly enjoyed the jaunt, in spite of his somewhat sarcastic comments !

North of the altar are two delightful little kneeling figures painted in gay colours, representing two brothers, Andrew and Paul Bayninge, who died in 1610 and 1616 respectively, a monument that our diarist must have known well and, let us hope, admired from his seat in the gallery, for they are really beautiful little effigies. The brothers were aldermen, and are represented in their gowns of office. There is a quaint rhymed epitaph, ending :

And dying old, they by a blest consent
This Legacy bequeathed, their Monument.
The happy summe and end of their Affaires
Provided well both for their Soules and Heires.

In the north aisle is the large marble statue of Sir Andrew Riccard, for many years chairman of the East India Company and the Turkey Company. He was knighted by Charles II.

Among the other monuments is one to William Turner, author of the first English herbal, which was published in 1568, and a brass to Sir Richard Haddon, Lord Mayor in 1506 and 1512.

But possibly the quaintest memorial in the church is a small brass plate in the south aisle inscribed

In God is my whole trust. J. O. 1584.
John Orgene and Ellyne, his Wife.

As I was, so be ye,
As I am, you shall be.
What I gave, that I have,
What I spent, that I had ;
Thus I count all my cost,
What I left, that I lost.

The parish registers are very interesting, and record the names of those who died of the plague, the distinguishing letter “ P ” being inserted against each victim. In it is also entered the baptism of Robert Devereux, third Earl of Essex. He was the son of Elizabeth’s unfortunate favourite, and became commander of the Parliamentary army at the commencement of the Civil War.

Yes, St. Olave’s, Hart Street, is decidedly a church worth seeing, not only because of its own undoubted picturesqueness and beauty, but also for its perennial fascination for the countless lovers of that king of diarists, Samuel Pepys. London is changing hour by hour, the old landmarks are being swept away into the limbo of forgotten things, but “ our own church ” has miraculously escaped the devouring hand of progress, and is now jealously guarded by those who venerate and care for the few remaining relics of the past bequeathed to this the twentieth century.

XX

THE FOUR CHAPELS OF THE TOWER OF LONDON

The Chapel Royal

OF the chapels that still remain within the grim fortress known as the Tower of London, whose very stones are saturated with history and the lives of famous men, by far the oldest is the one in the White Tower dedicated to St. John the Evangelist. Built in the reign of William the Conqueror, it is one of the oldest and at the same time most perfectly preserved example of Norman ecclesiastical architecture in England.

The chapel is not, as one would expect to find it, built on the ground floor, but is situated in the upper portion of the building, monopolising portions of the two top storeys, and is reached by a winding stair.

This beautiful little chapel, clear-cut and simple in its pure severity of outline like a precious gem, was the Chapel Royal in those far-off days when the kings of England resided at the Tower of London. The Palace buildings, which extended from the south side of the White Tower as far as the Wakefield Tower, have, alas, been demolished, but the chapel where so many English kings and queens have knelt is happily spared to us, though bare and shorn of its former enrichments. Gone are the jewelled stained-glass windows, the rich tapestries,

mosaic paving, and works of art by which it was once adorned ; gone, too, the gilded throne which served as a Royal pew. For in the reign of Charles II it ceased to be a chapel, and was dismantled. Degraded by being converted into a storeroom for State records, it remained thus misused until rescued by Queen Victoria, backed by public sentiment, in 1857.

Restored by Salvin, who incidentally did infinite harm by the too liberal scraping and scouring of the ancient stones, it was restored to its sacred use. Thus we see it to-day bare, white, and over-polished, but with the original beauty and grandeur of the edifice still unimpaired.

The chapel consists of nave and side aisles. The heavy circular pillars, so characteristic in their stolid, uncompromising severity, are surmounted by "cushion" capitals mostly enriched with a tau-cross, similar in shape to a T, on all four sides. Above them and over the aisles is the triforium, where the queens and their ladies knelt during mass. The roof of the nave is in the form of a simple barrel vault, which adds greatly to the dignity of the building.

The east end of the chapel is apsidal in form, and where it sweeps round in its grandly impressive semi-circle the arches are stilted, reminding one of those at the church of St. Bartholomew the Great.

And here, too, is the altar before which many a strange scene has been enacted, and where knelt devout kings and bishops.

If the ancient stones of the chapel could speak, what tales could they not tell ! Here it was that Simon of Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, kneeling before

the altar, was seized by the rebels with Wat Tyler at their head, and hence he was dragged, cowering, to a fearful death on Tower Hill. Here Brackenbury, the Lieutenant of the Tower, was praying when he received an order to put to death the young Edward V and his brother, and was courageous enough to refuse. Here lay the body of Henry VI, so recently murdered in the Wakefield Tower, and here, possibly the most pathetic incident of all, knelt Lady Jane Grey during her tragic reign of nine days. But the strangest sight of all was witnessed when Princess Elizabeth was forced by her stubborn sister, Queen Mary, to attend mass, much to that young woman's anger.

Sometimes behind locked doors, in the dim religious light shed by candles, a knight aspirant of the most noble Order of the Bath knelt and watched his arms in front of the altar through the night, "ever in his prayers praying and beseeching Almighty God that this passing temporary dignity might be worthily worn by him to the glory of God and the honour of the order."

Throughout the centuries from its consecration the chapel has witnessed many changes in the form of its services. Sometimes the Church of Rome was in possession, sometimes the Church of England. Religion, environed with tragedy and regal splendour, remained in one shape or another in undisputed control of this little corner of the fortress, while outside heads, sometimes fair, sometimes noble, fell beneath the greedy axe. So it continued until, in the seventeenth century, the building was dismantled, and monks and priests were seen no more.

Under the Chapel of St. John is a crypt which may
ML

have been originally used as a living-room by the monks. It was certainly used in later years as a prison. Off it is a small, dark chamber. On the stone jambs of the door are to be seen inscriptions, cut by prisoners incarcerated here after Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion. One of the most piteous of them reads : " He that endureth to the end shall be saved, R. Rudston. Kent. ano. 1553." One of that gallant body of Kentish gentlemen who fought vainly against Queen Mary, he but helped by so doing to shorten the last hours of Lady Jane Grey and her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley.

The Prisoners' Chapel

Ominously close to the place of execution on Tower Green stands the chapel aptly named St. Peter ad Vincula (St. Peter in Fetters), or the Prisoners' Chapel. For it was in this building that sad-eyed queens, mighty dukes, obstinate prelates, great statesmen, and renowned soldiers received the sacrament for the last time on this earth, afterwards to pass out to the death that was inexorably waiting for them, and return so soon to be laid to rest beneath the stone flags.

Of this chapel Lord Macaulay wrote : " In truth there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery. . . . Thither have been carried through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of Courts."

These lines could not more beautifully express the

emotions engendered in the minds of those who visit this hallowed spot.

The building, which replaces an older edifice destroyed by fire, is a work of the late Perpendicular period. It was restored by Salvin in 1876, unfortunately very badly. But even restoration cannot obliterate the memory of the tragedies and piteous scenes that have been so often enacted within its walls.

Of monuments to the illustrious and ill-fated men and women who have been buried here, and whose bones lie mouldering beneath our feet, there are none. Only tablets within the altar-rails mark the position of those bodies identified, when in 1876 the pavement was taken up for research purposes. Out of fifteen celebrated persons known to have been interred in front of the altar the remains of a few only were recognised. These were carefully placed in lead-lined caskets and reburied.

Among those identified were the bones of Henry the VIII's Queens, Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard, those two fair and frail girls who were destroyed by his jealous rage.

Burnet says of Anne Boleyn that her body was, immediately after execution, "thrown into a common chest of elm-tree that was made to put arrows in, and buried in the chapel within the Tower before twelve o'clock."

The body of the Duke of Monmouth, so heartlessly condemned to the block by his uncle James II, lies beneath the altar.

Another body identified was that of the aged Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, whose end on Tower Green in 1541 was perhaps the most ghastly spectacle that ill-omened spot has ever witnessed. An old woman and for

many years a prisoner, her only crime the one of being born into close heirship with the throne, she proudly refused to place her neck upon the block. "So do traitors," exclaimed this undaunted and fearless woman, "and I am no traitor." She was pursued across the scaffold, and hewn down by repeated blows from the executioner's axe. It is impossible to mention even by name, in a short article such as this, all the celebrated people who are buried in the chapel, but on a brass tablet fixed to the western wall are inscribed the names of thirty-four persons who were executed or died in the fortress and were interred here. But one cannot forbear mentioning the unhappy Lady Jane Grey, the "queen of nine days," who came to her death "without fear or grief," and Robert Devereux, Elizabeth's Earl of Essex. The latter petitioned his Queen that his execution might be in private, which request she granted very readily; and thus he was beheaded on Tower Green instead of on Tower Hill, approaching his end "more like a bridegroom than a prisoner appointed for death."

At the extreme west end of the chapel are buried the remains of the three last persons to be executed on Tower Hill, Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat. They were all three concerned in the '45 rebellion, that ill-starred and desperate venture of the Jacobites under "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

The organ has an interesting history. It bears a brass plate inscribed :

This organ, originally built by Father Schmidt in 1676 by command of His Majesty King Charles the Second (being first built by him in England), was rebuilt by Elliott in 1814. . . . The organ was again rebuilt and enlarged by Hill & Son under the superintendence of Charles Sherwood Jekyll Esqre,

Organist of Her Majesty's Chapel Royals St. James' and Whitehall.

The carvings are attributed to Grinling Gibbons.

The communion plate of St. Peter's ad Vincula escaped, by some miracle, Cromwellian melting-pots, and is about three hundred years old. The various chalices and patins are inscribed with the Royal monogram C.R., surmounted by a crown. Tragic vessels these, truly, for from them men and women took their last sacrament before they tasted the bitterness of death.

One monument in the chapel deserves mention because of its unusual beauty. It is that to Sir Richard and Sir Michael Blount, father and son, who were both Lieutenants of the Tower in the sixteenth century. The carving of the enrichments and heraldry are full of pompous charm and vigour.

Outside on Tower Green, a pleasant enough place now, with its trees and turfed lawns, it is difficult to imagine those far-off days when, on the spot marked by a tablet, fell the heads of some of the highest and fairest in the land beneath the all-devouring axe, so near to their last resting-place in the Prisoners' Chapel, St. Peter ad Vincula.

The Chapel in St. Thomas's Tower

In St. Thomas's Tower, which stands over Traitors' Gate, is a small chapel or oratory dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket. Of the reason for this dedication a curious tale is told. Henry III, that architectural enthusiast, was determined to build a great arch as a water-gate connecting the river Thames with the Tower,

and flanked on either side by massive towers as a means of defence. To build this mighty arch, which has a span of sixty-one feet, was no mean undertaking. The foundations had to be sunk in the river mud, and at the first attempt to construct it the whole structure suddenly collapsed. Again rebuilt, it fell the next year, much to the joy of the citizens of London.

Matthew Paris recounts how a priest saw a spectral archbishop appear bearing a cross. Gazing sternly at the arch and half-completed towers, the ghostly primate exclaimed, "Why build ye these?" and smote the arch with his cross, upon which it fell as if struck by an earthquake.

It was the ghost of St. Thomas who had thus shown his anger and resentment at these works undertaken against the wishes of the people. However, the King was not to be intimidated.

"Build it stronger," he said. So for the third time the masons toiled to do his bidding, and this time successfully, for the arch stands unmoved to this day.

King Henry, however, was evidently not going to leave things to chance, for to appease the wrathful saint he named the tower over the arch St. Thomas's Tower, and, as a further safeguard, which to our modern ideas sounds suspiciously like humbugging the poor shade, dedicated to him the oratory in the tower.

The chapel or oratory is situated in the upper floor of the south-east turret. It is a small, circular room with a groined roof, and still retains its original piscina.

No longer can one hear from its windows the sound of water lapping against the steps within the gloomy Traitors' Gate. For the moat was drained, the river

blocked out, and never again will the boats of kings, queens, and State prisoners pass under that saddest of all archways :

That gate misnamed, through which before
Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More."
Roger.

The Chapel in the Wakefield Tower.

This little Royal chapel, which was at one time used by kings when the Wakefield Tower was part of the Palace, is the traditional scene of the murder of Henry VI. That he was living here in captivity is indisputable, but that he was actually assassinated has never been proved. Shakespeare makes Richard of Gloucester stab the unhappy Monarch, whose dying words are :

Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O God, forgive my sins, and pardon thee.

Another account says "that in the hour between eleven and twelve assassins stole into the Wakefield Tower, and there they found the deposed King praying in a little oratory in one of the recesses."

It was in this tower, at any rate, that King Henry died—the tower which had recently been the crowded prison of the enemies of his house taken at the battle of Wakefield, and from which bloody contest the building is said to take its name.

Thinking possibly of this sorrowful King and the countless other tragedies enacted within the walls of the old fortress, the poet Gray was inspired to write :

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
By many a foul and midnight murder fed.

XXI

THE LAST OF THE FAIR INNS OF SOUTHWARK

“ IN the Borough especially, there still remain some half dozen old inns, which have preserved their external features unchanged, and which have escaped alike the rage for public improvement, and the encroachments of private speculation. Great, rambling, queer old places they are, with galleries, and passages, and staircases, wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish material for a hundred ghost stories. . . . A double tier of bedroom galleries, with old clumsy balustrades, ran round two sides of the straggling area, and a double row of bells to correspond, sheltered from the weather by a little sloping roof, hung over the door leading to the bar and coffee-room.”

In these words Dickens gives a vivid pen-picture of the White Hart Inn, High Street, Southwark, in his immortal *Pickwick*. But where is the White Hart now, and where are its half-dozen neighbours? Alas! With the exception of one, and that one a poor remnant of its former glory, they are but memories, kept alive in some instances by names painted up at the entrances to their original spacious yards, now in the hands of railway goods receiving-dépôts, or in other cases by modern public houses who have retained the ancient signs. Poor substitutes indeed these latter for the grand old balconied inns or guest-houses that once lined the east side of the

Borough High Street from London Bridge (the Bridge-Foot) as far as St. George's Church.

On the west side there was, curiously enough, only one inn, the Catherine Wheel, but its whole length was taken up by taverns of good and bad repute.

As regards the inns, Dickens speaks of but a mere half-dozen in the above quotation, so it is evident that even in his day the hand of the despoiler had been busy in the High Street, for in its palmy days Southwark could boast of close on thirty great inns or hostelries, among whose number being some that could accommodate as many as three hundred persons, and had also vast stabling attached to their huge paved yards. Among their signs were the Tabard, the White Hart, the Chequers, the Blue Ey'd Maid, the Boar's Head, the George, and the Bear.

Southwark, then, rejoiced in former days in a more than generous share of houses of entertainment, but the reason for this apparent superabundance of hospitality is not far to seek, and is indeed easy of explanation. The very name of the Borough gives one a clue. Southwark derives its name from the Saxon "Southverke" or the "South Work"; in other words, it was formerly the southern defence of the city at the point where the high-road from southern England, and more especially the Continent, debouched on the Thames, the natural defence of London. And there at this all-important spot, where in far distant times the Romans had thrown up earthworks as an additional precaution against attack, was built London Bridge, the only direct means of communication over the Thames between the south of England and the capital until comparatively modern times. Thus, as the Borough High Street was the main

thoroughfare from the bridge in a southerly direction, it follows that an endless stream of traders and foreigners from foreign ports passed backwards and forwards, year in and year out, along this the only highway on which they could travel.

Nor was this the only reason for the presence of the countless inns that congregated in this neighbourhood, for here on the south side of the river were situated the pleasure-grounds so dear to the hearts of London citizens, the famous Bankside, with its theatres, bull-rings, bear-baiting rings, circuses, and shows of all kinds without number. Thus it is not difficult to account for the popularity of Southwark in those days, thronged as it was by a never-ceasing crowd of sightseers who came in their thousands, not only by London Bridge, but also in boats of all descriptions, from Westminster and the City. These in their turn were supplemented by country folk, who poured in from outlying villages and hamlets to swell the surging masses of humanity. The taverns were most likely the main resort of this ebbing and flowing population, more especially the citizens of London who had crossed by means of the bridge, for these latter had to keep a wary eye on the time else they might find themselves cut off from home by the gates at the bridge-head, which were invariably closed at a certain hour.

The inns, on the other hand, were used by *bona fide* travellers and nobles together with their retinues, also by English and foreign merchants. That is not to say that the commoner folk were debarred from entry to these superior places of entertainment, but they had to content themselves with the yard and the accommodation

immediately adjoining on the ground floor, much as the "groundlings" in the theatres of Elizabethan and Jacobean days were only allowed in the lower portion of the building, corresponding to our modern pit.

These old inns must have been comfortable and snug enough in their way, with their generous fare, cosy parlours, and panelled bedrooms looking out on quaint, balustered galleries, which in their turn o'erhung the cobbled yard—the whole well set back and guarded from the High Street by massive gates of timber.

No doubt "mine host" was often in dire perplexity as to how to cater for the immense number of guests who thronged his hospitable guest-house, more especially at Michaelmas, when was held the great Southwark Fair, or, as it was sometimes called, Our Lady Fair. Dating from the reign of Edward IV, who granted it a charter, the fair took place in the Borough High Street, and overflowed into the inn-yards and even on to London Bridge.

The more ancient of the inns must also have been hard put to it to provide adequate accommodation for the multitudes of pilgrims who started from here on their long journey to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. The favourite time of year in which to venture on one of these pilgrimages was undoubtedly the spring, when the sun, shining forth at last in ever-increasing splendour, awakened life from its long winter's sleep, and the sight of the bursting buds may well have roused in man renewed hope and an irresistible longing to look not only to his spiritual welfare, but his bodily ailments. In what better, and jollier fashion, then, could he ease his conscience in those days of faith than by going a pilgrimage to the holy shrine of St. Thomas à Becket?

How beautifully Chaucer expresses this in his *Canterbury Tales* !

And specially from every schires ende
Of Engeland, to Canturbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seeke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seeke.¹

And if anyone wishes to picture what "mine host" was like in those distant days, Chaucer again comes to our help in his description of the worthy man who acted in that capacity at the Tabard Inn when the nine-and-twenty "sondry folk" assembled in the picturesque old yard prior to venturing forth on that merry journey to Canterbury, so famous now in the immortal poem. Indeed it may be a portrait of an actual landlord of this inn, one Henry Bailley, who was in possession of the Tabard about the time the pilgrimage took place, in April 1388.

A semely man oure ooste was withalle.
For to han been a marshal in an halle ;
A large man was he with eyghen stepe,²
A fairere burgeys is ther noon in Chepe :³
Bold of his speche, and wys and well i-taught,
And of manhede lakkede he right naught.
Eke therto he was right a mery man.

The Tabard indeed was perhaps the most celebrated of all the inns of Southwark. It survived until 1875, when it was destroyed to make room for the thoroughly uninteresting tavern that has taken its place. The fame of the old inn, however, will never die, enshrined as it is

¹ Sick.

² "Eyghen stepe" means "Eyes sunk deep in the head."

³ Cheapside was in the Middle Ages the place of residence of rich and influential citizens.

in Chaucer's immortal verse. Not that the structure so recently torn down was the original inn built by the Abbot of Hyde early in the fourteenth century for the accommodation of pilgrims, the inn that not long after was to be raised by the magic touch of genius to a niche of imperishable renown, for that building was burnt to the ground in the Great Fire of Southwark in 1676, but its successor erected in the reign of Charles II, which adhered to the old plan and in all likelihood perpetuated the semblance of the ancient hostelry to modern times. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that in the destruction of the Tabard London has lost a most picturesque and interesting old building that can never be replaced. Those who can remember it before it was pulled down (and their numbers must now be few indeed) can share the feelings of Dryden, who wrote, "I see all the Pilgrims in the *Canterbury Tales*, their humours, their features, and their very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark."

It is possibly worth recalling that when, in 1676, the Tabard was rebuilt the then landlord changed the sign, let us hope through ignorance, to the Talbot, a peculiar breed of dog and the badge of the Earls of Shrewsbury, which foolish distortion of the fine old name clung to the inn for many a year.

The sign of the Tabard takes us back to the days of romance and chivalry. Stow, the historian, tells us that the tabard was "a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides with a square collar, winged at the shoulders; a stately garment of old time, commonly worn of noblemen and others, both at home and abroad in the wars, but then [to wit, in the wars] their arms

embroidered, or otherwise depict upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others."

Gone are the rambling old buildings, with their quaint balconies and glowing red and gold lichened tile roofs that bulged and billowed in such fascinating irregularity; gone the bustling courtyard, alive with its wagons, gigs, coaches, and every conceivable kind of vehicle; gone, too, the jovial landlords, the ostlers, and their noble or humble guests—and only in the pages of Chaucer is the memory of this the oldest and most renowned of the inns of Southwark kept alive for this and future generations.

The White Hart, mentioned at the beginning of this article in the quotation from *Pickwick*, survived until as recently as 1889, and was famous both from an historical and literary point of view. It is mentioned in the *Paston Letters*, and by Shakespeare in his *Henry VI*. For in the year 1450 Jack Cade made this inn his headquarters during his insurrection. It was not far off from here—to be exact, on London Bridge—that he and his followers were finally beaten off by the citizens of London after a sanguinary battle. An amnesty followed, and the general pardon offered to and accepted by his peasant comrades led to Cade's furious outburst:

"Will ye needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark?" (*Henry VI*, Part ii., act iv., scene 8).

Cade himself fled, but was captured and brought back to London mortally wounded, dying on the way. Arrived there, his naked body was taken to his old haunt

the White Hart, and was identified by the hostess, who was doubtless glad to see in his lifeless corpse a harbinger of more peaceful and prosperous times in store for the future.

The White Hart, needless to say, shared the fate of its neighbours in the fire of 1676, but was rebuilt after the old model, to be again immortalised by another great writer, this time in the nineteenth century, namely Charles Dickens. It was in *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* that Sam Weller made his bow to the great English public, and the stage on which he first made his appearance was in the courtyard of the White Hart, on the same spot, maybe, that centuries before had been enacted the plays of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. Dickens introduces us to this irresistible and loquacious fellow in characteristic fashion :

It was in the yard of one of these inns—of no less celebrated a one than the White Hart—that a man was busily employed in brushing the dirt off a pair of boots. . . . He was habited in a coarse-striped waistcoat, with black calico sleeves, and blue glass buttons ; drab breeches and leggings. A bright red handkerchief was wound in a very loose and unstudied style round his neck, and an old white hat was carelessly thrown on one side of his head. There were two rows of boots before him, one cleaned and the other dirty, and at every addition he made to the clean row, he paused in his work, and contemplated its results with evident satisfaction.

Anon come Pickwick and his friends, but it is not too much to assert that the timely arrival of Sam so early in the novel did much to pave the way to the huge success that attended the ensuing instalments of the *Pickwick Papers*.

But now, alas, the White Hart has left us to join the

ever-increasing multitude of vanished buildings and landmarks of old London, pale ghosts of times and customs that have vanished for ever.

And yet another inn, the Bear, to which the same remark applies, but, like the White Hart, is too interesting to pass by in silence. The Bear stood at the Bridge-Foot, and incidentally escaped the disastrous fire of 1676 that devoured its rivals in the High Street. It was in one respect the most important and popular of all the Southwark inns, being the starting-point for the Thames tilt-boats (boats with canvas awnings) to Greenwich and elsewhere. In spite, however, of its popularity, the inn had to come down in 1761 owing to the enlargement of London Bridge.

The earliest mention of the Bear occurs in 1319 in some ancient documents still preserved, in which it is stated how one John Drinkwater, a taverner (surely an inappropriate name this !), had granted the lease of the Bear to James Beauflur, who on his part agreed to order all his wines from the proprietor, the latter to supply him with such necessities as mugs, cloths, and curtains. An eminently satisfactory arrangement, and let us hope it paid both parties !

The Bear, from all accounts, must have been a most attractive place of entertainment and resort, which it not only derived from its situation on the Thames at the foot of London Bridge, and thereby securing for itself an immense trade in all kinds of pleasure-seeking craft on the river, but also because of its famous grounds and archery-buttocks. And not the least of its many attractions—an irresistible lure, by the way, to the wits and gallants of Elizabethan and Stuart days—lay in the excellence of

its wines and catering. Among the crowds of notables who patronised the Bear in the seventeenth century two figures stand out, namely Sir John Suckling and Samuel Pepys.

Sir John Suckling, than whom there have been few more liberally endowed with nature's gifts and blessings, that handsome and wealthy wit and poet, beloved of all who knew him—how terrible a fate was his in after-years at the hands of the Spanish Inquisition ! However, we think of him here in those happier days, when as a young man he was a frequent visitor to the Bear, where on one such occasion, inspired no doubt by the rare and copious wines he had been imbibing, he wrote that sparkling piece of witty prose entitled "The Wine Drinkers to the Water Drinkers," which is too deliciously quaint to omit.

We have had divers meetings at the Bear at the Bridge-Foot, and now at length have resolved to despatch to you one of our cabinet council, Colonel Young, with some slight forces of canary, and some few of sherry, which no doubt will stand you in good stead, if they do not mutiny and grow too head-strong for their commander. Him Captain Puff of Barton shall follow with all expedition, with two or three regiments of claret ; Monsieur de Granville, commonly called Lieutenant Strutt, shall lead up the rear of Rhenish and white. These succours, thus timely sent, we are confident will be sufficient to hold the enemy in play, and, till we hear from you again, we shall not think of a fresh supply. . . . Given under our hand at the Bear, this fourth day of July.

As to Samuel Pepys, it would be strange indeed if he had not been a frequent customer at the Bear, for in all probability there was scarce an inn or tavern in the whole of London with which he was not at one time or another intimately acquainted. As it happens, the Bear was one

of his favourite resorts, and from it he sallied forth to explore the bewildering and mazy wonders of Southwark Fair, taking care beforehand, however, to leave his valuables in the charge of a trusty waterman at the inn's landing-stage, "for fear of my pockets being cut."

It was from the Bear that the beautiful Frances Stuart eloped with her lover, the Duke of Richmond, in a coach which bore them to safety from the vengeance of the Duke of York, Richmond's rival, and the anger of King Charles, who had also laid siege to her heart.

And now at last we come to the inn that gives the title to this article, the George, which, if it has made no notable figure in the history of Southwark, yet is unique, in that of all the hostelries that once lined the Borough High Street it is the sole survivor. It was originally known as the St. George and Dragon, but the name was taken to be a relic of Popery, and from that day to this the inn has been called the George. The present building, of which unfortunately only the south side survives, dates from 1676, when it was rebuilt after the Southwark fire. With its two tiers of galleries, it suggests a comparison in arrangement with certain of the old Elizabethan theatres, more especially the Fortune Theatre, the original specification for which is preserved at Dulwich College. This theatre was not round, like some of its contemporaries, but was square in plan, and must have borne a striking resemblance to old coaching inns such as the George, whose courtyards were also in fairly constant use as stages on which to represent the plays of Shakespeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and other writers. Lately there has been a revival of this custom at the George by modern enthusiasts.

Those who visit this fine old inn will find delight in the long, low-ceilinged dining-room, with its high-backed seats ranged on each side of the tables, in the snug little bar, and, above all, in the picturesque exterior and double tier of galleries. If they are lucky they may perchance make the acquaintance of the charming hostess, and even of a certain grey parrot who lords it here as the presiding genius of the place, in much the same way as a distant relative of his "bosses it" at the Cheshire Cheese in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street.

"An old hostelrie of the seventeenth century, where good olde English fare is still served as in ye coaching days" is how the picture postcards sold at the George very aptly describe this somewhat pathetic relic of the bygone glories of the Borough; but beautiful in its loneliness is this the last of those many "fair inns" of Southwark, which the historian Stow mentions as having seen in 1598.

XXII

CLIFFORD'S INN

THE district round Chancery Lane, formerly called Chancellor's Lane, has for many centuries worn a peculiarly legal aspect. The lane and its surrounding streets boast innumerable law stationers, booksellers, and wig-makers, for they stand in the heart of the Inns of Court, the survival of what was in mediæval times a great legal university.

The Inns of Court seem in the old days to have enjoyed the characteristic features of the mediæval guilds. Like the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, the students belonging to them dwelt together within their walls, dined together, and shared the same amusements. But in one respect they differed from the colleges. They were unchartered and unendowed, and drew up their own regulations.

As originally comprised, the university consisted of three distinct and yet intimately connected groups of Inns. First there were the Sergeants' Inns, from which alone the judges were chosen. Next the Inns of Court, where could be found the advocates and barristers. Lastly the Inns of Chancery, the home of the younger students, and where dwelt the clerks of Chancery and embryo barristers. These Inns of Chancery, as Jefferson says in his *Book about Lawyers*, bore much the same relation to the Inns of Court as Eton bears towards

King's College, Cambridge, or Winchester to New College, Oxford.

Of these Inns of Chancery, Clifford's Inn has the oldest foundation. The land on which it stands was granted in the reign of Edward II to "our beloved and faithful Robert de Clifford," whose widow, Isabel, leased it to students of the law for, according to Stow, "four pounds by the year."

But the original *raison d'être* of Clifford's Inn, as of all the other Inns of Chancery, has long since disappeared. Its glory has departed never to return, and to-day only a threatened and dilapidated remnant of its once peaceful courts remains, its students have fled, and it is now an Inn of Chancery no longer.

For the commencement of decay of the Inns of Chancery one must look back as far as the seventeenth century. The students of those days preferred to join the more fashionable Inns of Court, and with the consequent reduction in numbers the administration deteriorated, until by the end of the eighteenth century they ceased to exercise their functions.

The old Inns of Chancery were affiliated to the various Inns of Court, and to the Inner Temple were attached Clifford's Inn, as well as Clement's and Lyon's Inns.

By repudiating their allegiance to the Inns of Court, to which they were supposed to belong, the Inns of Chancery sealed their own doom. For finding, on enquiry, that their property was absolutely at their own disposal, they cut themselves adrift, and sold their land and buildings. The result has been that practically all of them have been pulled down and rebuilt, the only ones whose original buildings still remain being Staple and

the major portion of Clifford's Inn. Thus London has lost some most picturesque buildings, notably Furnival's, Barnard's, and Clement's Inns.

Clifford's Inn lies almost surrounded by modern buildings, on the north side of Fleet Street and between Chancery and Fetter Lanes. Its ancient neighbour Sergeants' Inn was some years ago pulled down, and the Inn thereby lost one of its three approaches from the outer world. It is now entered from Fleet Street under a smoke-begrimed archway, which is now of little interest, having been rebuilt in the Strawberry-Hill Gothic manner, although to the uninitiated it may appear very old ; and from Fetter Lane by a narrow gate.

The Inn consisted of three small courts, but not many years ago some of its buildings on the west side were pulled down to make way for a large block of business premises. Still, the majority of the old buildings remain, although, alas, their end is certain. They exist as it were on sufferance, with the threat of demolition, like the sword of Damocles, ever hanging over their weather-beaten roofs. Yet their passing will sadden many a Londoner, and when towering blocks of office buildings rise up, as they undoubtedly will, to take their place, he will miss the quaint old courts with the cobbled paving, that seemed to slumber forgotten by the hand of progress.

In the centre of the Inn stands the hall, a moderate-sized building which, having suffered grievously in the past from reconstruction, is now of no architectural value despite its venerable appearance.

It was in this hall that the Commission, presided over by Sir Matthew Hale, sat to adjust the perplexing claims and disputes which arose between landlords and tenants

after the Great Fire of London. Invidious as his duties were, Sir Matthew Hale seems to have given satisfaction to all concerned, and in 1671 he was made Chief Justice.

So much, in fact, did he and his brother judges (seventeen in number) please everybody that their portraits were ordered by the City to be painted, and these now hang in the Guildhall.

But that there was occasional friction is shown by Samuel Pepys, who says in his Diary :

To my bookseller Martin. . . . He says that most of the booksellers do design to fall a-building again the next year ; but that the Bishop of London do use them most basely, worse than any other landlords, and says he will be paid to this day the rent, or else he will not come to treat with them for the time to come ; and will not, on that condition, either promise them in any thing how he will use them : and, the Parliament sitting he claims his privilege, and will not be cited before the Lord Chief Justice, as others are there, to be forced to a fair dealing.

In the hall used to stand an oak screen upon which were inscribed the rules of the Inn.

A writer in *The Observer*, February 17th, 1884, states that :

Clifford's Inn has its Principal, its Aules, and its Juniors or Kentish men ; and at every dinner during term the chairman of the Kentish men receives four manchets or loaves, as the dole of the poor students. . . . In Clifford's Inn were the chambers of the six attorneys of the Marshalsea Court, a fact which rendered this little spot the fountain-head of more misery than any whole county in all England.

The garden, which was before the war a pleasant green square of turf and shady trees surrounded with eighteenth-century wrought-iron railings, is now disfigured with a large shed used for business purposes, and

much of its charm has gone. It—the garden—is described by Maitland as “an airy place and neatly kept . . . enclosed with a palisade paling and adorned with rows of lime-trees.”

The Inn adopted the old arms of the Clifford family, “chequéor and azure, a fess gules, to which they added a bordure bezantée of the third.”

Among those who once lived in Clifford's Inn was Mr. Dyer, the scholar and bookworm to whom Charles Lamb has devoted an essay. Samuel Butler, the author of that curious book *Erewhon*, also at one time occupied chambers here.

When the Civil War broke out Harrison the regicide was clerk to an attorney attached to the Inn, and hence he rode off to join the Puritan army.

Possibly the most illustrious name connected with Clifford's Inn is that of Sir Edward Coke, who was a student here before he entered the Inner Temple, to become eventually Lord Chief Justice.

The old buildings that stand round the little courts of Clifford's Inn are charming examples of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century architecture even in their now somewhat neglected and woebegone state, but they seem to know of their impending doom, and wait there patiently for the house-breaker's ruthless pick, sad but beautiful relics of a bygone age.

XXIII

SANDFORD MANOR HOUSE

THIS interesting old house, now, alas, fallen on evil days, is to be found concealed behind some mean buildings near Stamford Bridge. Once surrounded by fields gay with flowers, which ran down to the neighbouring Thames, it is now standing, *mirabile dictu*, in the premises of the Gas Light and Coke Company. In front runs the West London Extension Railway. The Manor House stands on the Fulham side of Sandford Creek, formerly the mouth of a water-course, and is therefore just outside the confines of Chelsea. It is from the Creek that the Manor derives its name, as there was a "Sand" or "Sandy" ford in former days where Stamford Bridge now spans the railway. The house is also called Sand's End occasionally. The old place was for some years threatened with demolition, but it is good to know that the Gas Company have now no idea of pulling it down, at all events for the present, and it is occupied by some of their officials. Surrounded by some picturesque trees, the house still retains a remnant of its once beautiful gardens, which to this day form a peaceful retreat (one had almost said sylvan, but for the too near proximity of the gas-works and railway) from the noise and restlessness of the London streets. The Manor lands, however, are long since built over.

It is not certain when the present building was erected,

but it appears that it replaces a much more ancient manor dating back to the fourteenth century. This was in all likelihood owned by a John de Saundeford in the reign of King Edward I. Later on the estate passed into the hands of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and then into the possession of the Collegiate Church of St. Martin. At the Dissolution the Manor became the property of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, who in 1549 exchanged it for other lands at the request of Edward VI. It was eventually sold to William Maynard, a mercer of London, in whose family it apparently remained for many years.

Two names have always been associated by tradition with the old Manor, those of Nell Gwyn and Addison. They are both said to have lived here, and, although entirely convincing evidence of their tenancy is not forthcoming, it is more than probable that in this case the tales handed down through so many generations are correct.

We can picture "Pretty, witty Nell," as Pepys called Charles II's mistress, living in the old house, and her merry laughter pealing through the wainscoted rooms. We can picture her, waiting for her royal lover as he rode to visit her along the King's Road, named after him and chosen as the most convenient route to Sandford Manor and Hampton Court. And the venerable mulberry-tree that still stands in the garden—surely tradition is right when it declares that under those leafy boughs Charles courted his auburn-haired enchantress.

Faulkner, the historian of Fulham and Chelsea, mentions a Mr. Howard, once the owner of the Manor, who owned a plaster medallion of Nell which had been found

on the premises. And from time to time other relics have been discovered, among them a thimble with the initials N.G. engraved upon it, and a Freemason's jewel supposed to have belonged to Charles II.

A pretty tale has it that Charles once rode his horse or pony up the staircase.

Four walnut-trees, "said to have been planted by royal hands," used to be in front of the house, but have long since been cut down.

As regards the other celebrated tenant, Joseph Addison, he is believed to have resided here in 1708. Writing from Sand's End in May of that year to the young Earl of Warwick (whose mother he afterwards married), he says :

MY DEAREST LORD,—I cannot forbear being troublesome to your Lordship while I am in your neighbourhood. The business of this is to invite you to a concert of mine which I have found in a neighbouring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening, and consists of a blackbird, a thrush, a robin redbreast, and a bullfinch. There is a lark that by way of overture sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing. . . . The whole is concluded by a nightingale that has a much better voice than Mrs. Toft's, and something of the Italian manner in her diversions. If your Lordship will honour me with your company, I will promise to entertain you with much better music and more agreeable scenes than you ever met with at the opera.

The same year Sir Richard Steele writes to his wife from Sand's End :

"I have come hither to dinner with Mr. Addison and Mr. Clay."

Dean Swift also mentions having dined here.

Macaulay in one of his essays says that "Addison

enjoyed nothing so much as the quiet and seclusion of his villa at Chelsea," and also, further on, states that "Addison had, during some years, occupied at Chelsea a small dwelling once the abode of Nell Gwyn."

The house is now divided up into two distinct residences, but the major part of the old building is incorporated in the dwelling nearest the King's Road, including the staircase, the other part being mostly modern.

Inside the Manor the most notable feature now remaining is the fine old staircase, which is in a good state of preservation. It is formed round a square well-hole with delightfully sturdy newels boasting moulded terminals and pendants. The steps are arranged in easy flights of six to the various landings, the handrail and balusters being richly moulded and robust in their vigorous design. The hall retains its original panelling and forms, with the staircase which opens out of it, a remarkably picturesque feature.

The drawing-room is entered from the first landing of the staircase, and its walls are now papered. It is quite possible, however, that the panelling still exists beneath this modern embellishment. Under this room is a cellar.

The exterior of the Manor has been much altered. The brickwork is covered with rough-cast, and the three gables—the centre one with a round pediment, those on either side with pointed—have long ago been taken down, by which act of vandalism the building has lost much of its character.

A plain string-course runs round the building dividing the ground floor from that above, and the windows are surrounded by flat architraves.

The main entrance is centrally placed, and is an interesting feature with wood pilasters and a moulded pediment.

There are some characteristic old brick chimneys, but a portion of the roof has lost its original covering of tiles, and is now slated.

Lord Macaulay, speaking of Addison and his Chelsea home in one of his essays, says :

In the days of Ann and George the First milkmaids and sportsmen wandered between green hedges and over fields bright with daisies from Kensington almost to the shore of the Thames. Addison and Lady Warwick were country neighbours and became intimate friends.

One can search in vain for hedges and daisy-sprinkled fields in the vicinity of Stamford Bridge to-day, and the sportsmen and milkmaids have vanished long since, but the old Manor House whose walls once echoed to Nell's cheerful laughter is still standing in its pleasant garden, although shorn of much of its original beauty and seclusion.

XXIV

THE CHESHIRE CHEESE

ON the north side of Fleet Street lies Wine Office Court, and hidden there, as if forgotten by the ruthless changes that are daily transforming the London streets into a modern town, is an old seventeenth-century tavern, the celebrated Cheshire Cheese. Burnt down in the Great Fire, it was rebuilt in 1667, but under it are still vaulted cellars of the more ancient structure and a walled-up passage leading from thence towards the river.

The outside of the tavern, facing the narrow court, is a simple though picturesque elevation of brickwork, blackened and grimed with age and the soot of centuries.

Inside, one seems to be translated back to the eighteenth century, especially in the dining-room, a large, low-ceilinged, wainscoted chamber with its floor strewn with fresh clean sawdust, warm and snug in the winter months with the big fireplace projecting well into the room, and its old fittings scarred and worn with age. Above one's head in the ceiling are great oak timbers. Small tables, each with its white cloth, are enclosed with high-backed benches, straight and stiff as you please, but imparting an air of old-fashioned courtesy and comfort to the place. Even the black-handled knives and forks on the tables are in character—in fact, every detail is correct, down to churchwarden pipes.

But Dr. Johnson is the real lion of the Cheshire Cheese,

and a great asset to its fame. For it was here, when he was living in Gough Square, a few minutes away, that he sometimes came to dine. His favourite seat in the window is still pointed out, and the sage looks down from the wall on the festive scene, the portrait being a copy of the picture in the National Gallery, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The table where he dined is laid every day. Many famous men of bygone days have sat there, among others Cruikshank, John Leech, Thackeray, and Charles Dickens.

Beneath Johnson's portrait is the following inscription :

The Favourite Seat of Dr. Johnson.

Born 18th Sept. 1709. Died 13th Decr. 1784.

In him a noble understanding and a masterly intellect were united with grand independence of character and unfailing goodness of heart, which won the admiration of his own age and remain as recommendations to the reverence of posterity.

"No, sir ; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern."

Confirmation of the fact that the sage was accustomed to dine at the Cheshire Cheese, if any is necessary, is afforded by a Mr. Cyrus Jay in a book he published in 1868, entitled *The Law : What I have Seen, Heard, and Known*. He himself often went to the Cheshire Cheese, where he was in the habit of talking to some elderly frequenters. Among the latter was a Colonel Lawrence. Of him Cyrus Jay says :

Colonel Lawrence showed me Goldsmith's tomb in the Temple Churchyard ; he was never tired of talking of his acquaintance with the poet, whom he knew when Goldsmith,

as well as Johnson, lived hard by the Cheshire Cheese. . . . The left-hand room, entering the "Cheshire," and the table on the extreme right upon entering that room, was the table occupied by Johnson and his friends almost uniformly. The table and the room are now as they were when I first saw them. They were, and are still, as Johnson and his friends left them at the time. Goldsmith sat at Johnson's left-hand.

Goldsmith in those days was living almost next door, at No. 6 Wine Office Court, and he, with his friend Dr. Johnson—who was writing his celebrated dictionary at his home a short distance away—must have often foregathered under the roof of this hospitable tavern.

The three-bottle days have gone, but even now the old place sees many a festive, if not exactly roystering, party. Well-known statesmen, lawyers, and soldiers come occasionally, and Americans in their hundreds.

The latter have apparently forgotten or forgiven the Doctor's opinion of their nation.

"I am willing to love all mankind, except an American," he was heard to exclaim. "Rascals ! robbers ! pirates ! I would burn and destroy them !"

Near the entrance door to the tavern has been painted on the wall a list of monarchs during whose reigns the Cheshire Cheese has thrived. It commences with Charles II.

The dish for which the Cheshire Cheese is world-famed is the beef-steak pudding, a mighty affair, in which are to be found among its ingredients oysters and larks. Another delicacy is the stewed cheese on toast served in hot silver saucers, and washed down with good English bitter or stout.

It was when Goldsmith was residing in Wine Office Court, and his landlady was pressing him for his rent,

that Dr. Johnson rescued him from the ignominy of being turned out of his rooms by taking the manuscript of a novel he had written to a publisher, and, selling it for sixty pounds, returning to him with the money to set him free. The novel was *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

Johnson lived during the last years of his life at No. 8 Bolt Court, where he died in December 1784, surrounded by his friends, and in close proximity to his beloved Fleet Street and the Cheshire Cheese.

It is more than likely that if the sage could return to his old haunts he would deem them sadly altered, but he would find his house in Gough Square and the tavern in Wine Office Court still reverently cared for—and long may they remain so.

HOGARTH'S HOUSE, CHISWICK

IN the little village of Chiswick, which still stands almost untouched on the banks of the Thames a short fifteen minutes from Hammersmith Broadway, is an old house, unpretentious-looking, though beautiful in its own quiet way. Yet a stranger passing down the narrow and now, alas, rather slummy lane in which it is situated will, if he is observant, notice a board over the door in the massive brick garden wall, and, having read the inscription thereon, he may, as like as not, pause to investigate further. For in this house lived many years ago that great English artist and satirist William Hogarth.

Almost miraculously saved from destruction at the hands of speculative builders in 1902, when it and the charming garden attached were for sale, Hogarth's old home was bought by Colonel Shipway of Grove House, Chiswick, and saved for the nation, an act for which the country cannot be sufficiently grateful.

In the entrance to the house (which can be viewed by the public on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays) is a brass tablet with the following inscription :

“ This house was purchased in 1903 by Lieut-Colonel Robert Shipway in order to save it from being demolished, and by restoring the building he has preserved it to the Nation and to the Art World in memory of the Genius that once lived and worked within its walls.”



Hogarth's House, Chiswick

The house dates back to c. 1700, and, built of brick-work with a tiled roof, is a characteristic example of the period. But the outstanding feature is a finely designed, projecting bay-window on the first floor. This window the artist was fond of introducing into his prints and pictures.

On the ground-level, entered from the left of the entrance-hall, is a long, narrow, panelled room, undoubtedly Hogarth's dining-room. A beautiful room this, and, with decorations and fireplace hardly altered, it carries us back to the days when the famous artist entertained his friends—among whom were numbered Garrick, Fielding, and Townley—with lavish hospitality.

Upstairs, the principal room is light and cheerful, and lit by the projecting bay-window, catches the last rays of the setting sun. This surely was Hogarth's favourite room.

The second-floor rooms are not shown, being occupied by the caretaker, as are the kitchen premises on the ground floor ; but the quaint little attics up in the sloping roof can be seen by anyone who cares to clamber up the ladder-like stairs, and remain as they were in Hogarth's time.

With the exception of the attics, every room in the house is panelled. Colonel Shipway generously presented a set of the artist's prints to the house, which hang now on the walls of the various rooms, and these, together with some interesting family portraits (including the well-known one of Hogarth with his dog "Trump," by himself) and some good furniture of the period, help to make the building doubly interesting.

In one of the rooms are preserved two beautifully cast

lead vases of graceful design. These used to stand on the sturdy brick gate-piers next to the house, and were formerly believed to be of stone. When the house was restored, however, the architect discovered, on having the paint removed, that they were of lead.

In the pretty, old-fashioned, walled garden in front of the house is an ancient mulberry-tree, carefully tended, and its branches supported with chains and props.

It was under this tree that Hogarth would feast the foundling children, whom he dearly loved to entertain, with its delicious fruit.

Years ago against the garden wall used to be a stone inscribed :

Alas poor Dick !

1760

Aged eleven.

Underneath were two cross-bones of birds, and over these a heart and death's head. This was the pathetic memorial carved and placed there by Hogarth to his bullfinch, which was buried near by. The stone has disappeared.

At the end of the garden Hogarth built a studio, where, during the last years of his life, he worked at and retouched his plates. This building was unfortunately long ago demolished.

This, then, is the retreat, little altered with the passing of time, to which Hogarth used to retire from his London house in Leicester Fields (now Leicester Square), and, amidst the quiet of the country, pursue his art during the failing health of the latter days of his life.

Since his time the leafy lanes and golden fields that he

so loved have vanished beneath acres of working-men's dwellings, but happily the little village remains much as he knew it, with its picturesque, twisting streets, its inns, its Georgian houses (one of which was Miss Pinkerton's Academy in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*), its finely situated church (though rebuilt save the tower), and, above all, the beautiful Chiswick Mall, with its grand old houses fringing the river along the tow-path.

William Hogarth was born in the city of London on November 10th, 1697, and was baptised at St. Bartholomew the Great.

He married, secretly, Jane, the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, in whose school of painting he had been for some years studying.

Among Hogarth's best known works are "The Rake's Progress," "Marriage à la Mode," "The March of the Guards to Finchley," "The Shrimp Girl," "Captain Coram," etc.

Hogarth's London house in Leicester Square was where Archbishop Tenison's school now stands. On the opposite side of the square lived Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose studio is now an auction-room. The two painters were always antagonistic.

Never were two great painters of the same age and country so unlike each other; and their unlikeness as artists was the result of their unlikeness as men. . . . "Study the works of the great masters for ever," said Reynolds. "There is only one school," cried Hogarth, "and that is kept by Nature" (Leslie and Taylor's *Life of Sir J. Reynolds*).

It was to this house that Hogarth moved from his country retreat in October 1764, and there on the same night he died. But his body was brought back and

interred in the churchyard at Chiswick, and over his mortal remains was erected a stone monument which is still to be seen in that peaceful spot on the south side of the church.

On it is an epitaph by his dear friend David Garrick, which runs :

Farewell, great Painter of Mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of Art
Whose pictur'd Morals chain the mind
And, through the Eye, correct the Heart.

If genius fire thee, Reader, stay,
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear,
If neither move thee turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here.

XXVI

AN OLD RIVERSIDE CHURCH

ON a dark winter's night in the year 1697 the Hon. William Ashburnham, making his way home in his boat, became suddenly immersed in a dense fog that sprang up on the Thames. At last, not knowing where he was, he gave himself up for lost, but just when he was in peril of drifting into danger a clock on the river-bank struck nine, and, guided by the sound, he reached safety. The friendly clock was that of Chelsea Church. In gratitude he presented a bell to the building, together with a sum of money for ringing it every evening at nine o'clock from Michaelmas to Lady Day, which was done till 1825. Although no longer rung the bell still remains, and is now to be seen in the porch.

Not so very many years ago Chelsea was little more than a village, whose houses clustered along the banks of the river and round their parish church. Now Chelsea is absorbed in the vortex of mighty London, and many of its fine houses have been swept away, yet much of its beauty and character remains, and it is the beloved home of many well-known artists.

Chelsea Old Church stands at the south end of Lower Church Street on the Embankment, and is undoubtedly one of the most interesting buildings remaining of the old village. The chancel and the north chapel are the oldest portion of the building, and date from the early

fourteenth century. The remainder of the building has been subject to continual alterations and rebuildings up to the seventeenth century.

The exterior is simple—one had almost said austere—yet has a beauty all its own, with its soft, mellow brickwork and long, sloping roofs, on which latter the London pigeons love to congregate on a hot summer's afternoon in their hundreds and bask in the sun. In the little churchyard are many quaint monuments of bygone worthies, among them being a Portland stone sarcophagus to the memory of Sir Hans Sloane, the great physician and botanist. The inscription states that "he died in the year of our Lord 1753 in the 92nd year of his age, without the least pain of body and with a conscious serenity of mind."

The great square, uncompromising tower at the west end of the church dates from 1672-4, when the original tower of the structure, being deemed unsafe, was pulled down.

Faulkner says of the building :

The upper chancel appears to have been rebuilt in the fifteenth century ; the chapel of the Lawrence family at the end of the north aisle appears to have been built early in the fourteenth century, if we may judge from the form of the Gothic windows, now nearly stopped up. The chapel at the west end of the south aisle was built by Sir Thomas More about the year 1522, soon after he came to reside in Chelsea.

The interior of the church is full of interest, and retains to a surprising degree its old-world look. But its true and abiding interest is centred in its monuments and associations. Hardly can one find a building in the whole of London that retains so many ghosts and memories of past centuries as does Chelsea Old Church.

Greatest of all the men whose names and memories are imperishably linked with the old structure is Sir Thomas More, Henry VIII's great Chancellor. Here, during the most eventful and closing years of his life, he worshipped with his family, coming regularly to Mass from his house across the way. Here he built the south-east chapel, which bears his name, the carvings of the capitals of the connecting arches of which may be the work of his friend and guest, Hans Holbein. Here he built his tomb, and here, in all probability, lies his decapitated body. The tale goes that after his execution on Tower Hill his corpse was brought back to Chelsea, but that Margaret Roper, his devoted daughter, obtained possession of the head, and had it conveyed to St. Dunstan's at Canterbury and preserved in the Roper vault.

The monument itself is on the south wall of the chancel, and much of its interest has been destroyed by a ruthless "renovation" in 1832 by a local mason. More's two wives are also buried here. Of his second wife, Mrs. Middleton, he was heard to say that she was "*nec bella, nec puella.*" Above the monument is his crest, a Moor's head, and his arms, with those of his two wives. A large slab of black marble fills the back of the monument, and on it is a long Latin epitaph, Sir Thomas More's biography of himself.

On the opposite side of the chancel is an altar-tomb of the Bray family. This is the oldest monument in the church, and dates from the time of Henry VII. The Brays were holders of the manor in that reign.

In the north aisle of the church is the Lawrence Chapel, with interesting mural tablets to that family.

The most interesting of these is one representing Thomas Lawrence and his wife with their children, a beautifully carved little group of figures in Elizabethan costumes. Kingsley refers to this monument in his novel *The Hillyars and the Burtons*. It was from this family that Lawrence Street, Chelsea, takes its name.

A hagioscope, accidentally discovered, opens from this chapel into the chancel.

One cannot leave this corner of the church without mention of the modern tablet to the memory of William Frend De Morgan. The inscription is worth quoting :

To the memory of William Frend De Morgan, Artist-Potter-Inventor-Novelist. Born 16th November 1839. Died 15th January 1917. Who did much of his best work in Cheyne-Row, The Vale, and Church Street, Chelsea—where he died.

Recreating in Ceramic work upon his own vigorous designs the colour of the Persian and the lustre of the great Umbrian craftsmen. Enriching literature by his faithful and sympathetic presentment of homely and very human character. And beloved by all who knew his breadth of intellectual interest, his catholic sympathy, genial humour and lambent wit.

This tablet is dedicated by some of his Chelsea and personal friends.

The More Chapel contains the beautiful and deeply interesting altar-tomb of the unhappy Jane Dudley, Duchess of Northumberland (1555), mother-in-law of Lady Jane Grey. She it was who, after the tragic end of the "nine-days Queen," had the terrible misfortune to see her husband and her son Guilford beheaded, another son, John, die in the Tower, and all her property confiscated.

In the recess of the tomb are memorial brasses to the Duchess and members of her ill-starred family, including

her five daughters, of whom Mary became the mother of Sir Philp Sidney. The brass commemorating the Duke and their eight sons has been torn away. One of the latter, Robert, became the brilliant but unscrupulous Earl of Leicester, the husband of Amy Robsart.

The tomb, which is much mutilated, has a Gothic canopy supported on beautifully fashioned, slender columns, and is similar in design to that of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, to which it has been compared. A space is left at the west end of the monument for the officiating priest.

In her will the Duchess left strict injunctions that her funeral should be of the simplest, but these were entirely disregarded by her family. Her body was borne through Chelsea with heralds and torches, the whole ceremony being conducted with the utmost magnificence.

Nearby, in the south aisle, stands the gorgeous Dacre monument, the finest in the church. It commemorates Gregory Fienes, Lord Dacre, and Anne Lady Dacre, his wife. The effigies of Lord and Lady Dacre—he depicted in full armour and she in a long cloak—are finely carved, and the whole monument, which literally blazes with coloured marbles and heraldry, is a splendid example of Renaissance work.

Lady Dacre, who was the founder of Emmanuel College Almshouses, Westminster, is said to have been a woman of exacting character. Often at variance with members of her own and her husband's family, she addressed letters of complaint to Queen Elizabeth.

At the west end of the south aisle is a curious bookcase and desk in which are some huge chained volumes, comprising the Vinegar Bible, 1717 (so called from vinegar

being printed for vineyard in one of the parables), the *Homilies*, and Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. There is no other example of chained books now remaining in a London church. High up in the nave hang the tattered colours given by Queen Charlotte to her regiment of volunteers in 1804, "at a time when the country was threatened by an inveterate enemy."

The above are but a few of the many interesting things to be seen in this delightful old building, round whose aisles Sir Thomas More used to carry the cross at the head of the church processions; and in whose choir, dressed in a surplice, his chanting on Sunday mornings so provoked the Duke of Norfolk. "God's body, my Lord Chancellor! What! A parish clerk! You dishonour the King and his office," was the Duke's angry remonstrance. To which Sir Thomas More replied quietly, "Nay, your Grace may not think I dishonour my Prince in serving his God and mine."

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